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MR. PEABODY'S GIFT TO THE POOR OF LONDON.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE interest excited by the great gift made by Mr. Peabody to the poor of London, has not been confined to the country which directly or indirectly is to reap the benefit. To other lands the report

for cherishing those sentiments, surely the American public, who have the privilege of claiming Mr. Peabody as their countryman, are that people. Yet beyond the slight information derived from the short notices that have appeared from time to time in the newspapers of the day—notes, too, very liable to embody more or less of error—little is really known by the majority of the people of the origin of this gift to the London poor, the vast extent of the operations contemplated in it, and the progress already made in the realization of our illustrious countryman's benevolent purposes. A full account of all the points



PEABODY SQUARE, SPITALFIELDS, LONDON.

of it has gone, giving rise to unfeigned admiration of the rare generosity and disinterestedness of the donor, astonishment at the largeness of the sum placed at the disposal of his trustees, and wide-spread interest in the practical working-out of his intentions. And if any people not themselves participating in the bounty, have more reason than another

of importance connected with this great charity, drawn up from reliable sources, cannot fail to interest the general reader; and may supply to those who have means at their disposal a motive to go and do likewise. While to such as possess both the means and the wish to benefit their poorer fellow-men, but cannot fix upon a suitable scheme for giving

effect to their charitable designs, the detail of the organization and working of the Peabody Trust will furnish many useful suggestions.

The early history of the gift is best described by Mr. Peabody himself in the following letter addressed to the United States minister, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Emerson Tennent (who died a few weeks ago), Mr. C. M. Lampson, and Mr. J. S. Morgan—the gentlemen who had kindly consented to act as trustees to the fund:

LONDON, 12th March, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: In reference to the intention which it is the object of this letter to communicate, I am desirous to explain that, from a comparatively early period of my commercial life, I had resolved in my own mind that, should my labors be blessed with success, I would devote a portion of the property thus acquired to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare and comfort of my fellow-men, wherever, from circumstances or location, their claims upon me would be the strongest.

A kind Providence has continued me in prosperity, and consequently, in furtherance of my resolution, I, in the year 1852, founded an institute and library for the benefit of the people of the place of my birth in the town of Danvers, in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which has proved in every respect most beneficial to the locality and gratifying to myself.

After an absence of twenty years, I visited my native land in 1857, and founded in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland (where more than twenty years of my business-life had been passed), an institute upon a much more extended scale, devoted to science and the arts, with a free library, coinciding with the character of the institution. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the building is now completed; but its dedication has been postponed in consequence of the unhappy sectional differences at present prevailing in the United States.

It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a "stranger," or in a "strange land," for, in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, encouraged by early associations, and stimulated by my views as well of duty as of inclination, to follow the path which I had heretofore marked out for my guidance, I have been prompted for several years past repeatedly to state to some of my confidential friends my intention at no distant period, if my life was spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London. Among those friends are three of the number to whom I have now the honor to address this letter. To my particular friend, C. M. Lampson, Esq., I first mentioned the subject five years ago. My next conversations in relation to it were held about three years since with my esteemed friend Sir James Emerson Tennent, and with my partner, J. S. Morgan, Esq. I also availed myself of opportunities to consult the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and with all these gentlemen I have since freely conversed upon the subject in a way to confirm that original intention.

My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. George Peabody and Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence.

In committing to you, in full confidence in your judgment, the administration of this fund, I cannot but feel grateful to you for the onerous duties you have so cheerfully undertaken to perform, and I sincerely hope and trust that the benevolent feelings that have prompted a devotion of so much of your valuable time will be appreciated, not only by the present, but future generations of the people of London.

I have few instructions to give or conditions to impose, but there are some fundamental principles from which it is my solemn injunction that those intrusted with its application shall never, under any circumstances, depart:

First and foremost among them is the limitation of its uses absolutely and exclusively to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who, either by birth or established residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

Secondly. It is my intention that now and for all time there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to local or party politics.

Third. In conformity with the foregoing conditions, it is my wish and intention that the sole qualifications for a participation in the benefits of this fund, shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of "the poor" of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society. It must, therefore, be held to be a violation of my intentions if any duly qualified and deserving claimant were to be excluded either on the grounds of religious belief or political bias.

Without, in the remotest degree, desiring to limit your discretion in the selection of the most suitable means of giving effect to these objects, I may be permitted to throw out for your consideration, amongst the other projects which will necessarily occupy your attention, whether it may not be found conducive to the conditions specified above for their ultimate realization, and least likely to present difficulties on the grounds I have pointed out for avoidance, to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine in the utmost possible degree the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy.

Preparatory to due provision being made for the formal declaration of the trust and for its future arrangement and appropriation, the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be at once transferred into your names and placed at your disposal; for which purpose I reserve to myself full power and authority. But, as a portion of the money may probably not be required

for some time to come, to meet the legitimate purposes contemplated I would suggest that, as early as possible after the organization of the trust, one hundred thousand pounds (£100,000) should be invested, for the time being, in your names in Consols or East India stock, thus adding to the capital by means of the accruing interest; and the stock so purchased can be gradually sold out as the money is wanted for the objects designated. Meantime, pending the preparation of a formal trust-deed, you shall be under no responsibility whatever in respect of the fund, or its investment or disposition.

With these preliminary stipulations I commit the fund to your management, and to that of such other persons as by a majority of your voices you may elect, giving you the power either to add to your number (which I think should not at any time exceed nine), or to supply casual vacancies occurring in your body. It is my further desire that the United States minister in London, for the time being, should always in virtue of his office be a member of the Trust, unless in the event of his signifying his inability to act in discharge of the duties.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Yours very faithfully,
GEORGE PEABODY.

(Signed)

To His Excellency, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,
United States Minister in London.
"The Right Honorable LORD STANLEY, M. P.
"SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K. C. S.; LL. D., etc., London.
"CURTIS M. LAMPSON, Esq.; London.
"JUNIOUS S. MORGAN, Esq., London.

To this letter Mr. Peabody received in a few days the following reply:

LONDON, March 15, 1862.

SIR: We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., apprising us of your munificent appropriation of £150,000 toward ameliorating the condition of the poor of London, and intimating your wish that we should act in the capacity of trustees for the application of this fund, on principles which you have indicated for our guidance.

Whether we consider the purity of the motive, the magnitude of the gift, or the discrimination displayed in selecting the purposes to which it is to be applied, we cannot but feel that it is for the nation to appreciate, rather than for a few individuals to express their gratitude for, an act of beneficence which has few parallels (if any) in modern times.

For ourselves, we are deeply conscious of the honor implied by the confidence you have reposed in us, as the administrators and guardians of your bounty; and it only remains for us to assure you of the satisfaction with which we shall accept this trust, and the zeal with which we shall address ourselves to the discharge of its duties, so soon as its precise nature is defined, and the arrangements for its administration sufficiently organized.

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,
STANLEY,
J. EMERSON TENNENT,
C. M. LAMPSON,
J. S. MORGAN.

To GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., London.

In reading Mr. Peabody's letter one hardly knows which aspect of it to admire most—"the noble act of more than princely munificence," as the donation is called in Queen Victoria's letter to him; the simple, unostentatious spirit which breathes in every sentence; the wisdom displayed in the selection of the three fundamental principles, from which it is his "solemn injunction that those intrusted with the application of the fund shall never, under any circumstances, depart," and in the union of those principles with the utmost latitude of discretionary power on the part of the trustees; or the intimate acquaintance with one of the most pressing necessities of the poorer classes of the population of London, shown in the suggestion, whether it might not be found conducive to the realization of those conditions "to apply the fund, or a portion of it, in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy."

"Thus generously endowed," says the report for 1865, "alike with funds and with discretion to choose the mode of their employment, the first care of the trustees was to obtain a deed so framed as to confer legal powers on those who were to be intrusted with their administration, and to insure their undeviating application to the generous objects contemplated by the giver. But at this stage considerable difficulty was encountered, arising mainly from the fact that the large amount to be expended was not a bequest by will, in which case precedents are sufficiently numerous, but a gift during the lifetime of the giver, which therefore involved the necessity of inserting provisions to satisfy the requirements of the mortmain law.

"After some delay, a trust-deed was prepared, executed, and enrolled; and at the first meeting under it, which took place on the 23d of July, 1862, Lord Stanley was elected chairman, and another of the trustees undertook to act as honorary secretary *pro tem.*, thus facilitating a resolution to postpone as long as possible the appointment of any salaried officers.

"Pursuant to the terms of the deed of trust, the main portion of the fund was invested at interest in Government stock, and other negotiable securities; the balance being held in readiness for early expenditure, so soon as a decision could be come to as to the most advantageous method of employing the fund in conformity with the intentions and subject to the conditions laid down by Mr. Peabody."

But the legal difficulty arising from the fact that the donation was a gift made during the lifetime of the giver, was not the only one which met the trustees at the outset. "By the express terms of the gift, it was directed to be so applied as to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the well-conducted poor of London;" and "it became essential to determine *who are the poor of London* in the eye of the law."

Many people will at first be surprised that any difficulty should be experienced in ascertaining what class of people is denoted by the expression "the poor." But class-distinctions among men, like class-distinctions throughout the organic and inorganic world, instead of being separated by clearly-defined lines of demarcation, run into one another; and even legal authorities are sometimes sorely puzzled in deciding whether a certain individual belongs to one or the other of two contiguous social grades. The unsettled nature of public opinion on this point has been well exemplified by the complaints and criticisms that have from time to time appeared in the London daily press, to the effect that the benefits of the Peabody Fund were reaped by a more well-to-do class of people than those characterized by the donor as the "poor of London."

"It has hitherto been held," says the report already referred to, "under the authority of judicial decisions, that, in the absence of any governing or qualifying expressions, a gift or bequest to 'the poor' of any place is applicable exclusively to persons not receiving parochial support; and this, on the principle that to relieve those already chargeable on the parish or the union, inasmuch as it would contribute to the reduction of the rates, would virtually be conferring a benefit on the property rather than on the poverty of the locality."

"Later decisions have somewhat modified this view; the rigidity of the law would now be more or less tempered to adapt it to the ascertained wishes of the donor; and the mere fact of the receipt of alms would not, perhaps, of itself, suffice to disqualify an indigent family for receiving additional comforts from the donations or bequests of benevolent men like Mr. Peabody."

Be this as it may, the trustees decided "to confine their attention, in the first instance, to that section of the laboring poor who occupy a position *above the pauper*." The wisdom of this decision few will call in question, except that still too numerous class of people who think the bestowment of alms on those who will rather beg than work, and whose indolence, imprudence, or intemperance, prevents them from ever rising above their present position, or deriving any permanent advantage from the profuse charities of a well-meaning but short-sighted public, is more commendable than to assist the honest, hard-working laborer who, notwithstanding all that industry and strict economy can accomplish, is often sorely pressed to provide for those dependent on him.

"Public attention throughout the United Kingdom having been attracted by the largeness of Mr. Peabody's bounty, communications were received from numerous quarters suggesting benevolent plans for adoption. Many of these were in themselves highly desirable, but the majority involved arrangements more or less at variance with Mr. Peabody's injunctions and the provisions of the deed of trust. For example, institutions connected with religious bodies were expressly excluded, and educational establishments, as ordinarily organized, were open to the same objection, inasmuch as they are more or less dependent for their success upon denominational favor."

"Hospitals, both for acute and chronic disease, presented strong claims; but on one, amongst other grounds, their consideration was deferred. Mr. Peabody, in his communication to the trustees, had not specially directed that the fund should be so employed as to render it reproductive; but that passage in his letter in which he expressed his hope 'that not the present only, but *future generations of the people of London*,' would appreciate its advantages, was felt to be entitled to the widest construction of which it was susceptible; and it appears to point to a mode of investment, such as, while administering to the immediate enjoyments of the laboring poor of London, would also bear within itself the germ of future extension and perpetuity. This result did not seem to be attainable in the

case of hospitals, which would absorb without returning any portion of the fund. The same remark applies to almshouses and dwellings for the reception and support of the absolutely destitute, whose subsistence would necessarily be a perpetual charge, without presenting the slightest element of self-support; and attention was thus forcibly directed to the object dictated by Mr. Peabody himself, of erecting dwellings for the laboring poor on such improved principles as to conduce at once to economy, salubrity, and social enjoyment. This mode of employing the fund had also the recommendation that the low rents at which this healthful accommodation could be given would annually supplement the original fund, and thus create a source whence similar advantages might continue to be derived for an almost indefinite period."

"In postponing other projects, such as those above already alluded to, it is not to be supposed that the trustees ignore their value or question their importance; but a concurrence of circumstances, at the moment, combined to give preëminence to the one" just referred to. "In the poorer districts of London, the dwellings of the lower classes had been suddenly disturbed by the long-pent-up invasion of metropolitan railroads, whose incursions were overthrowing whole streets inhabited by humble and industrious laborers and artisans. The dispossessed population, unprovided with adequate accommodation elsewhere, were thus driven away into alleys and courts, already inconveniently crowded by their previous inmates; and discomfort and disease were in many instances added to loss of employment and expense. . . . 'Even in our crowded and deplorable districts,' says a gentleman, writing in 1865, 'such as the streets and alleys running out of Drury Lane, and in the region of the Seven Dials, apartments are not to be had; and the rents in some neighborhoods have been raised fifty per cent.' Small tenements were not regarded as an eligible property, and the construction of them did not invite the enterprise of ordinary capitalists. The consequence was that, poverty apart, a workman had great difficulty in obtaining decent lodgings, even with the means of paying for them in his pocket. How extreme was the distress may be inferred from the fact that, besides Mr. Peabody's scheme, some seven or eight large organizations (differing from the former, however, in being purely commercial transactions) have been devised, and are now in operation for building improved dwellings for the working-classes."

Taking those peculiar circumstances into account, few will hesitate to admit that Mr. Peabody's trustees reasoned wisely when they came to the resolution, "without precluding the consideration of other subjects hereafter, to confine their operations for the present to the object specially recommended to their notice by Mr. Peabody, viz., the improvement of dwellings for the poor of the metropolis."

"Enabled by this decision to proceed promptly with the business of the trust, the next inquiries of the trustees were directed to the system and style of buildings most conducive to the objects in view, and to the acquisition of sites in districts of the city most suitable for their erection; these sites to be distributed throughout the various quarters of London in order to diffuse the benefits of Mr. Peabody's gift over the largest possible area."

"The first site chosen was in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, near the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, where a space equal to 13,682 square feet was obtained from the Commissioners of Public Works for £3,300. For a further expenditure, something under £24,000 for buildings, accommodation was obtained for upward of 200 persons in tenements of one, two, or three apartments each, according to the requirements of the several occupants. The latter sum included also the cost of erecting nine shops on the ground-floor, the rents of which, amounting to nearly £500 per annum, go to increase the general fund, and thus contribute to the reproductive character which it is the desire of the trustees to impart to it."

"Before the dwellings at Spitalfields were completed, the trustees were enabled to possess themselves of other sites in districts similarly claiming attention. At Chelsea a plot, containing 13,616 square feet, was obtained for £4,616, 18s. 6d.; for another, at Bermondsey, with an area of 27,880 square feet, they gave £4,870, 7s. 3d.; a fourth at Islington, measuring 47,863 square feet, cost £3,646, 5s. 6d.; and for £4,300 a fifth was acquired at Shadwell, the extent of which is over 73,890 square feet."

While the houses at Commercial Street were still in progress, the trustees commenced, on their premises at Islington, the erection of four blocks of buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, containing,

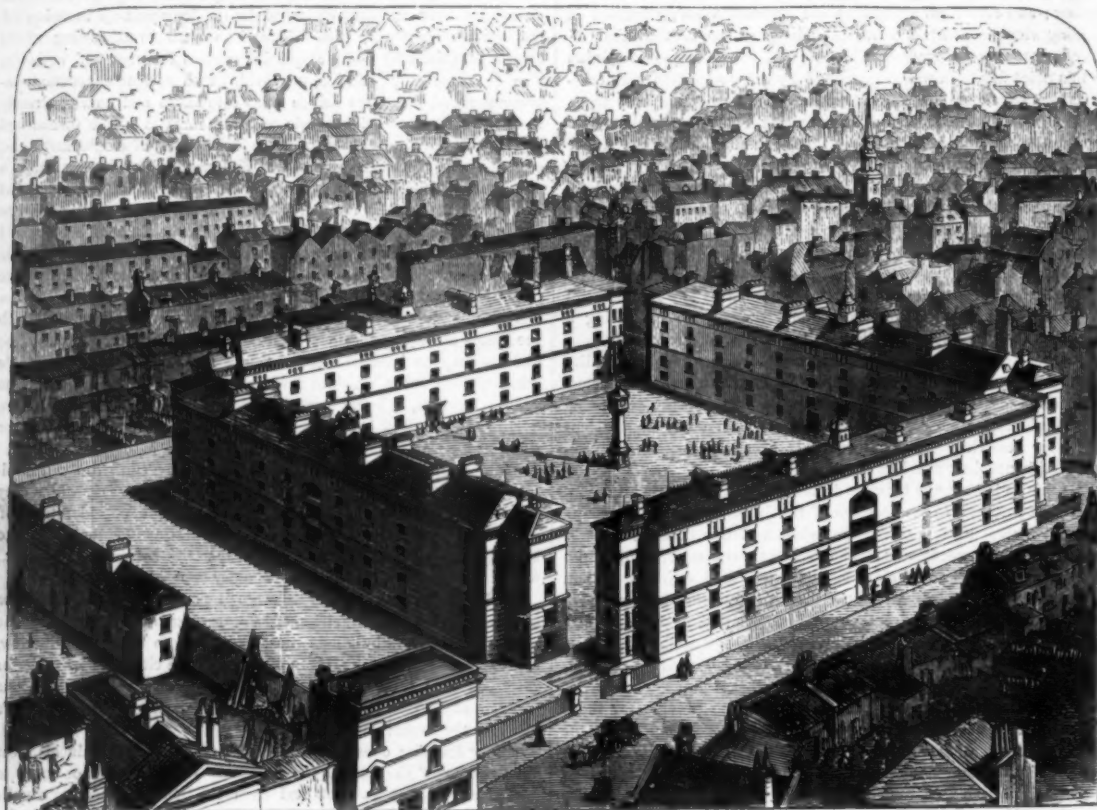
as at Spitalfields, one, two, or three rooms each, and furnishing ample accommodation for upwards of 650 persons. The whole cost of these buildings, inclusive of the sum paid for the land, amounted to £40,397, 2s. 1d.

Before the square at Islington was finished, the trustees entered into a contract for the sum of £37,953 to build on a similar scale on their property at Shadwell.

On the 29th of February, 1864, the first pile of buildings erected in Commercial Street, Spitalfields, and of which we furnish a view, was thrown open to receive its inmates, and the number of applicants was, and continues to be, considerably in excess of the accommodation available. The number of persons who took possession of their new homes was upward of two hundred.

We give an illustration of the buildings at Islington, which were opened in September, 1865. They have been erected on the site of a pile of buildings known as Ward's Place, Essex Road, formerly inhabited by a dense population of the worst character in the metrop-

All the buildings are substantially constructed of brick, from designs by Mr. H. A. Darbishire, Trafalgar Square. They consist of four detached blocks of houses, five stories in height, which are let out in tenements of one, two, and three rooms. As the accompanying illustrations show, in the buildings at Westminster, the square consists of only three blocks, with one open side, while in those at Shadwell each block is six instead of five stories in height. The buildings at Spitalfields also present a somewhat different arrangement. Each block is surmounted by a handsome ornamental turret. The upper story or attic is appropriated to the laundry, wash-houses, and baths—a bath-room, and a cistern capable of containing nearly 2,000 gallons of water, being placed at each end of this spacious and well-ventilated drying-loft. The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures are essentially the same: the only differences consist in such improvements in matters of detail as experience enabled the trustees to introduce into the more recently-erected buildings. To each block there is but one entrance, which is placed in the centre of its length,



PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

olis, who herded together with little or no attention to morality or decency. What a contrast to the healthy, tidy, respectable, and industrious people who now, through Mr. Peabody's bounty, inhabit the same spot! The entire community, at the close of the year 1865, consisted of 674 individuals, of whom 19 were widows, the rest married persons and children.

At Shadwell, the four ranges of buildings forming Peabody Square, and containing 195 tenements, were completed and ready for occupation at the close of the year 1866; but owing to the depression of business, and the consequent suspension of employment in that part of London, they were somewhat slow in filling. At the commencement of the year 1867, the number of families resident was 175.

During last year a fourth range of buildings, forming what is now known as Peabody Square, was erected in Victoria Street, Westminster. They were completed at the end of December, and contain 235 rooms, fully occupied by 389 individuals. There is at present a large list of applications for future vacancies.

and on the side looking into the interior of the square. The living-rooms on each story are approached from a corridor, which runs along the middle from one end of the building to the other, and is lighted at each end, as well as thoroughly ventilated, by the wide, centrally-situated staircase, which is unenclosed on the outer side except by an iron railing. The lavatories, sinks, and other such offices, are placed at each end of the corridor, apart from the main building. Drainage and ventilation have been insured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, which cellars are accessible, for the purpose of carting away their contents, only from the outside of the square. The passages are all kept clean and lighted with gas, without any cost to the tenants; water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement; and the baths are free for all who desire to use them. Laundries, with wringing-machines and drying-lofts, are at the service of every inmate, who is thus relieved from the inconvenience of damp vapors in the

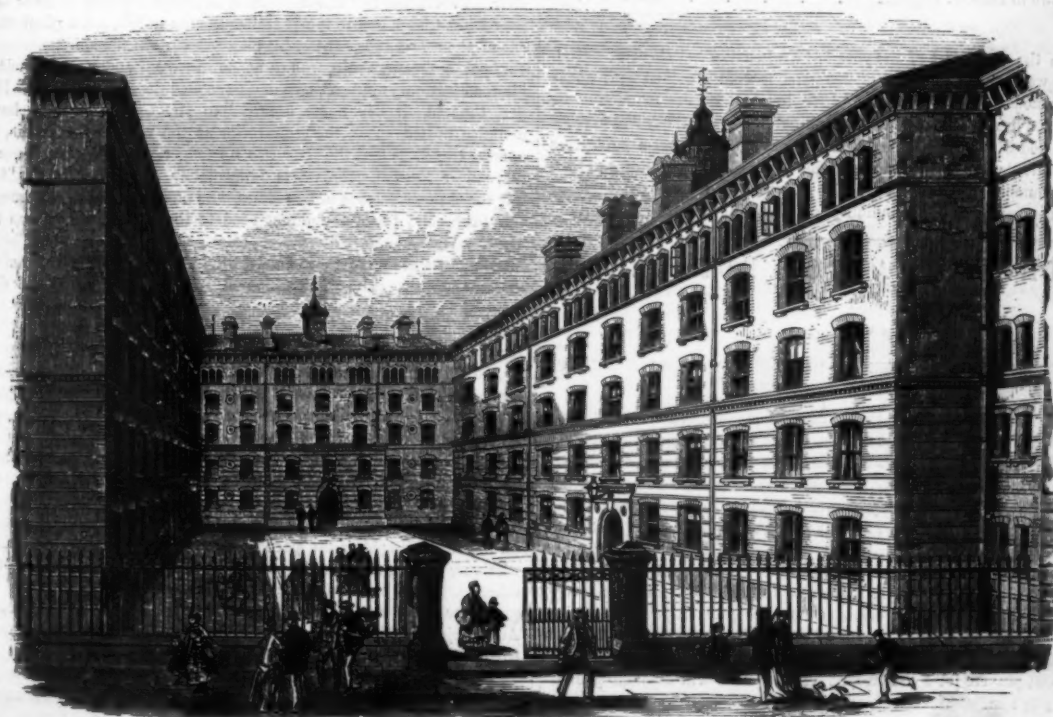


PEABODY SQUARE, SHADWELL, LONDON.

apartments, and the consequent damage of furniture and bedding.

The rooms are each of them about nine feet wide and twelve feet long, and of a suitable height. Every living-room or kitchen is abundantly

provided with cupboards, shelving, and other conveniences, and each fireplace includes a boiler and an oven. But, continues the secretary in his report, what gratifies the tenants, perhaps more than any other of the arrangements, are the ample and airy spaces which serve



PEABODY SQUARE. WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

as play-grounds for their children, where they are always under their mothers' eyes, and safe from the risk of passing carriages and laden carts.

The cost of the general management of the fund is kept as low as possible. From the commencement, in 1862, to the close of the year 1865, it had amounted in all to only £517 10s. When they had advanced so far as to have a number of dwellings ready for occupation, etc., the trustees found it necessary to employ a secretary to supervise the general affairs of the scheme, and conduct the preliminary inquiries as to the eligibility of those applying for accommodation. A superintendent also resides upon each group of buildings for the purpose of collecting the rents, etc. Still, the working expenses, including salaries, printing, stationery, etc., are far from great, amounting in 1866 to £317 11s.; in 1867 to £268 15s. 4d., and in 1868 to £271 10s. 6d. So that the general management of this vast scheme, from its commencement in 1862 to the close of last year, has not cost more than £1,375 6s. 10d.

The accounts show that, at the close of the year 1865, £85,277 15s. 7d. had been expended on land, buildings, etc.—considerably more than one-half the original fund. At the end of the following year the total expenditure had amounted to £118,118 13s. 2d.; on 31st December, 1867, this had reached £125,356 2s. 10d.; and when the accounts were made up at the close of last year, the total expenditure from the beginning was shown to be £152,631 8s. 4d.—£2,631 8s. 4d. more than the original fund; while £20,682 0s. 11d. still remained at the disposal of the trustees. So that, up to 31st December, 1868, the original fund had increased by £23,313 9s. 3d.; £15,756 7s. 9d. of this sum being due to interest earned, and £7,557 1s. 6d. accruing from rents; thus fulfilling, in some measure, the generous donor's wish that the fund should be reproductive and perpetual.

The fiscal statement of the Trust, from its commencement to the end of December, 1868, is as follows:

	CREDIT.	£	s.	d.
Original Fund		150,000	0	0
Interest earned		15,756	7	9
Rents		7,557	1	6
		£173,313	9	3
	DEBIT.	£	s.	d.
Paid for Land and Buildings		151,194	17	1
Expense Account		1,436	11	3
Cash at Interest		15,000	0	0
Ditto in Bank of England		5,682	0	11
		£173,313	9	3

In the early part of the year 1864, when the buildings at Spital-fields were opened, upward of 200 persons were provided with house accommodation. By the end of 1865 the buildings at Islington were occupied by a population of 674; making altogether nearly 900 persons furnished with comfortable dwellings in about three and a half years after Mr. Peabody had announced his gift. At the close of 1866 the total number provided for was 1,893, which was increased to 1,971 by the completion of the buildings at Westminster last December.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XVI.—PROVIDENCE DECLARES AGAINST A CURATE AND A CARPENTER.

On Saturday afternoon there was another consultation at the bridge, followed, as usual, by no action. Mr. Mallet declared that as it survived such a night, he would stake his existence upon its solidity for another year; and why this particular flood should carry it away, when it had resisted twenty as great in his own recollection, for his life he could not see. However, it was well to be on the safe side, particularly as the great lady was expected, so he would strengthen the timbers here and there, and then there would not be a safer or prettier bit of wood-work in England. In truth, Mr. Mallet, according to his lights and little opportunities, was as great a jobber as there was in the country; and if none of the floods he alluded to had demolished that pretty bit of wood-work long ago, it was not for want of his earnest prayers for a catastrophe likely to be worth something handsome to him.

"Then you think," said Mr. Upjohn, with only his nose peering out between his hat and his great-coat, "there is no danger of it this time?"

"Certainly I do," said the carpenter.

"Then, Mr. Mallet, I entirely differ from you," said the curate, joining them, also muffled up to his eyes, and trying hard to hold his umbrella against the wind. "The stream is running furiously, and the barometer is still falling, let me tell you. You ought to be at work, Mr. Mallet, instead of standing talking. Remember what day to-morrow is."

"But surely, Mr. Blackadder, this would be a work of necessity," said Upjohn, modestly.

"I am afraid not," said the curate, solemnly; "I have considered the matter; there is another communication between the two sides of the river."

Mr. Mallet nodded approvingly.

"But only by a circuit of several miles," said Mr. Upjohn.

"I am afraid," repeated Mr. Blackadder, "that I could not, under the circumstances, conscientiously sanction a work of the kind on the Sabbath-day. We shall all be better employed in praying to the Almighty in His mercy to moderate the fury of the elements."

Mr. Mallet nodded still stronger approbation.

Mr. Upjohn, though accustomed to passive obedience in ecclesiastical affairs, was not prepared to admit Mr. Blackadder's observation; but whether he was or not was immaterial, for a sudden gust put an end to the discussion, by blowing the curate's umbrella inside out, and Upjohn and the roguish carpenter nearly off their legs into the torrent.

Sunday came. The bridge was still standing in the morning, although not even on Saturday evening was any thing done to reinforce it, Mr. Mallet even going beyond his pastor, and relying entirely on divine interposition. Mr. Upjohn said his prayers with his niece at home, as he usually did in his hours of independence. Carry was very ill after a sleepless night, and he read the service at her bedside, in the pious hope that Heaven would not reject their petitions for not being reiterated ten times over, as they would have been in the parish church. Mr. Blackadder, as in duty bound, never spared his scanty audience a single collect, and he was near the end of a sermon (as full of repetitions as the prayers) just beginning to recommend special supplications to Providence to chain up the winds and floods, when a rumor ran through the congregation, beginning with the sexton at the door. Providence had in the plainest language refused to favor the improvident, and, before the preacher left the pulpit, not a plank was left of the safest and prettiest bit of wood-work in the shire.

Luckily for Mr. Cosie, who came down from London on Monday, his road home was independent of the communication destroyed. His first thought—it had never occurred to Mr. Upjohn—was to have a notice posted up at the cross-roads at the village of Oakham, to apprise travellers that the river was no longer passable at the usual place near Foxden. This was immediately done; but it was too late for the convenience of two ladies, who had already driven through the town, and taken the direct road to the bridge, which was no more.

Monday was one of those lovely, bright days that often come after storm and rain. The wind, which still blew pretty fresh, had dispersed all the impurities of the atmosphere, and the sun shone out bright and warm in a cloudless sky. The two ladies, now posting fast for the bridge at Foxden (the road to which they either remembered, or had learned from some authority of the country), having passed a dismal wet Sunday at an inn about forty miles distant, were enjoying the fine morning all the more heartily, with the windows of the carriage open; and the further they advanced, the more every object seemed to please and interest them. As Mrs. Upjohn had also been forced by stress of weather to pause in her passionate flight at a place still nearer Oakham, it necessarily happened that the two travelling-carriages, both starting the next morning, met and passed each other on the road. Rapid as the pace was, the younger of the two ladies who were coming down to the country, recognized the travellers of the other party, and exclaimed to her companion:

"Surely that lady with her arms folded and so well wrapped up is Aunt Upjohn. The other must be Harriet; they are running away from us; we shall find nobody at Foxden but my uncle."

"We must bear it as well as we can," said the elder lady.

"For my part, I shall bear it very philosophically," said the other,

"only I do hope we shall have Carry. What should I do without her while you are going about with Mr. Cosie and my uncle?"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear; you will find Mr. Cosie's daughters very pleasant company for the short time we have to stay. Besides, I shall be sure to find something for you to do."

"It's quite plain Aunt Upjohn is going to town to avoid you, as it was only ten days ago she went down to Foxden."

"It's very silly of her to put herself out of her way on my account; I should never do so on hers, though I do prefer her room to her company."

The elder of the ladies, who, however, was far enough from a Hecuba, had either cares on her mind, or she was fatigued by traveling, for she was rather pale, and more disposed to think than talk. She made few and short replies to a hundred remarks her daughter made as they proceeded; for almost every new object, house, tree, or rock, hill or distant glimpse of the sea, called forth some exclamation of recognition and delight. Happily for her, she could survey every beauty of the landscape, which was gradually growing wilder and more attractive, without being obliged to think, at the same time, of business, if business it was which preoccupied her mother. Soon, however, there came a critical moment, such as all have more or less experienced who have ever returned to scenes dear to the eye or the affections, when, at a sudden turn of a winding lane, or in gaining the crest of a hill, there bursts upon the view that familiar region, every inch of it almost part of yourself, though you may not own a cottage that you see, or an acre of heath or gorse, or so much as a rock to sit on. As that moment draws nigh, as you approach such a point, does not your heart flutter, particularly after an absence of years?—does not your eye gleam?—does not your foot hasten? You are nervous, you are impatient, you think the crisis and the loved spot will never come. So did the younger lady, certainly. She was silent with emotion and expectation for full half an hour before the peninsula of old Oakham, with its charming hills and hollows, all girt with the sparkling sea—now breaking on shining beaches—now rushing into re-sounding caverns—now washing the base of gigantic cliffs, or the white walls of a fishing-station—spread itself out before her earnest, enthusiastic gaze; then the tears stood in her eyes with transport. The elder lady, who might have passed very well for a young one too, save, indeed, for the name of mother, was scarcely less excited when that moment arrived, though she had not only waited for it more tranquilly, but was even engaged in looking over some papers to the last. Then she threw them from her lap, as if they were of no earthly value, and entered into all her daughter's raptures. The common excitement seemed to equalize their years; the eyes of the matron expressed the same glee that glittered in the maiden's; they might have passed for sisters, only that neither in features, eyes, nor color of the hair, was there any thing of the usual sisterly resemblance.

The descent had already commenced; they rolled along as fast as the state of the road permitted, soon came to the cross-roads, and took that which led directly to the stream.

"How glorious it will be after all the wet we have had!" said the young girl; "we shall not see it until we are quite close. I saw it once before, after only a few days' rain, and what a glorious little brook it was!"

A few hundred yards more, and, leaping up in the carriage, she cried again:

"There it is, mamma; there it is!"

"The river is there, sure enough, my dear, but where is the bridge?" said the elder, with her head out of the window, as the postilion drew up abruptly on the top of the sloping bank, having just made the discovery that he could advance no farther.

"I thought, mamma, the bridge was to have been repaired and strengthened this spring," said the younger lady, looking very blank.

"I ordered it, but it was either not done, or done in the usual way things are done in this part of the world," said Mrs. Rowley, with the air of a commanding and warm-tempered woman, accustomed to restrain her looks and her language within the bounds of feminine discretion.

"What are we to do, mamma?"

"That's simple enough, my dear; we have a round of ten miles to make to get to Foxden."

"But, oh, how beautiful the river is! I forgive it all the mischief it has done. Let us get out, and look at it nearer; how it foams, and sparkles, and tumbles among the rocks! Who would believe this

was the meek little rivulet over which one could almost jump in summer-time!"

The flood was rapidly going down, and already some of the largest stones in the rocky bed were above water.

In an instant the ardent Susan Rowley was standing in the midst of the subsiding but still riotous and exulting torrent. She hardly wanted beauty to make her beautiful; youth, and health, and gayety, and a bright eye full of sweet fancies, were loveliness enough; and, besides, her cheek was now flushed with intense enjoyment, and the breeze which fluttered her brown hair, and set it free from comb and bonnet, made her still more charming.

She was nearly of the same height (a little above the middle size) as the lady who was now at her side, having jumped from stone to stone as bravely, if not quite so lightly, forgetting all that teased her, and enjoying the scene as keenly as any girl could do. The wind made free with her locks, too; they tumbled about her face in cataracts of gold.

From the spot where they stood, the chimneys of Foxden were visible above the trees.

"How provoking to be so near," said Susan, "and yet to have to go ten miles about!"

"One ought either to swim or fly, my dear, to travel comfortably through the Oakham estate at present. It is impossible to say what further obstacles we may yet have to encounter, so we had better move."

But just as they gained the bank again, up trotted, on the far side of the stream, Mr. Upjohn, mounted on a rough pony, followed by some workmen, carrying a number of planks, intended, no doubt, to knock up a temporary foot-bridge. He cut an amusing figure, for the pony was too small for him; he had nothing on his head but an old red-velvet cap, which he usually wore in his study, and the wind, besides whirling up every moment the skirts of his great-coat, made it so difficult to keep his spectacles steady on his nose, that at last he took them off, and thrust them into a side-pocket.

Of course, the ladies recognized him at once. There was no mistaking Johnny Upjohn.

"He has not the least notion who we are," said Susan, "nor have the men either."

"No," said Mrs. Rowley, "but we may as well pull down our veils."

Upjohn could barely see that two ladies were standing on the opposite side, and could he have also seen the carriage he would probably have guessed who they were; but the carriage was out of sight, behind the trees, on the summit of the slope; so he took them for friends of the Cosies.

He rode the shaggy pony as close as he could to the brink, and accosted them politely, saying, he hoped they did not want to cross the river, as the nature of the accident that had occurred put it out of his power to help them.

"Oh, thank you very much, sir," said Mrs. Rowley; "I am sorry to hear there has been an accident."

"A very serious one," said Johnny. "You would hardly believe that, at one o'clock yesterday, there was a very handsome bridge across the stream at this very spot."

"Who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"It ought to have stood; we are quite at a loss to conjecture why it did not."

"I suppose it was a competition," replied Mrs. Rowley, "between the flood and the bridge, and the flood carried the day."

"Just so, madam," said Upjohn.

"How like that poor dear uncle!" whispered Susan.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Rowley. "Good-by, sir; I am sorry you are in trouble; I hope the bridge will win the next time. Good-morning;" and nodding to him most graciously, she retreated from the edge of the stream to where she had left her carriage, while he pulled off his cap to salute her as she withdrew.

"How astonished he will be a few hours hence," said Susan, "when he discovers who we are!"

"He will hardly discover that to-day," said Mrs. Rowley; "for it just occurs to me that as we must pass Mr. Cosie's, we can't do better than put up there for to-night."

"A capital plan, mamma; we shall have had quite travel enough for one day."

They had scarcely proceeded a mile along a winding lane, with

steep banks on each side, still glowing with primroses, when they were met by Mr. Cosie himself; he was just coming down to the river-side to take a view of the scene of havoc.

Nothing could exceed the old farmer's amazement, except his joy at the *rencontre*. He had not been apprised of the day of Mrs. Rowley's coming, and thought she had dropped from the clouds.

"You see I have taken your advice, Mr. Cosie, and come over to see things with my own eyes, and I have seen a good deal already."

"A bad reception to give you, madam, after so long an absence from home. We ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves. You have seven or eight miles to travel to get to Foxden."

"But we are not going quite so far, Mr. Cosie; we are thinking of indemnifying ourselves for the hardships we have undergone, by passing a day, or perhaps two, with you, if you will take us in."

If he was happy before, this announcement made the old man doubly so, and proud into the bargain. They took him up, but he could think of nothing until they reached the Meadows, but the state Mrs. Cosie would be in when she saw him coming back in a coach with two beautiful ladies.

CHAPTER XVII.—MRS. UPJOHN IN TOWN.

LET us now follow Mrs. Upjohn's movements a little, to give that fair lady her share of attention.

Neither she nor her daughter had observed the Rowleys, being too much occupied talking of them to notice any thing or anybody that passed them on the road.

"I suppose," Harriet had been saying, "my uncle must be much better, or Mrs. Rowley could hardly leave him."

"That would depend entirely on her objects," said the mother; "but one never knows how your uncle really is; he never writes himself, and there is no reliance to be placed on any thing we hear from the people about him."

"I think, mamma, this must have been a long time brewing."

"That it has," said Mrs. Upjohn, with bitter volubility, "ever since she was last in England, taking such grand airs on her, and imposing on everybody, as she imposes on her husband; but she never imposed on me, never for one moment. Do you think your uncle would ever have been so mad, or so ungrateful, as to take his daughters away from me, to put them under a fast lady like her, if she had not completely hoodwinked him? Was she a proper person to have the management of girls at the most critical period of their lives—a woman who thinks of nothing but show, and without a single accomplishment?"

"There can be no question about that," said Miss Upjohn; "but what I detest most is her double-dealing; her letters were always so full of affection to papa, even to the very last, when she must have been conspiring with that meddlesome old Mr. Cosie to turn him out."

"There were other conspirators besides Mr. Cosie," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Whom do you suspect, mamma?"

"I'll say no more now," said Mrs. Upjohn, "but I'll unravel the whole plot before I am many days in London."

She then folded her arms over her bust, closed her expressive eyes, and threw herself back in her seat, in the posture which she was in when Susan Rowley recognized her.

Miss Upjohn took out of her bag a gorgeous little prayer-book, opened the golden clasp, and read the psalms and lessons of the day—a practice which she never omitted, even on a journey, since her nuptial engagement. Indeed, Mrs. Upjohn was generally very particular about it herself in her family, from which it may be inferred how much or how little the routine of devotion tends to improve the frame of mind, or cultivate the Christian graces.

It may well seem strange that living as Mrs. Upjohn did, surrounded with a great many good influences, among a great many good people, with an excellent husband, and a pious pastor (for Mr. Blackadder was a man of genuine piety, though his views on many subjects were narrow), living, too, at a great distance from the people, or rather the individual, who excited her bad feelings, should yet, for so many years, have never softened or relented toward her; but, in truth, there was nothing wonderful in it, for when any bad passion, but especially envy, seizes hold of an unfortunate human mind, the gripe of a huge polypus with a hundred arms, such as fishermen dread on the

coast of Brittany, and Victor Hugo has so powerfully described in a recent novel, is not harder to escape. A hundred little incidents of daily life are always helping to feed the monster. In Mrs. Upjohn's case there were especially the affairs of the property, leading to continual and often unpleasant correspondence, which no other man but her simple, unsuspecting husband would have allowed her to see. Then there were besides the usual kind friends, who, being aware of the feud in the family, were forever freshening up her animosities with their remarks; for weeds as well as flowers flourish the more for being watered. The secrets of her soul were not always drawn out on these occasions; but it was worse when she was forced to disguise them, for it was often at the expense of acquiescing in some enormity on her enemy. It was not before every one, for instance, that Mrs. Upjohn was daring enough to dispute that Mrs. Rowley was a fine or a clever woman, or even that she had, through a good many trials, been an affectionate and devoted wife. And, on the other hand, when any thing very severe was said of that lady in her presence, it placed Mrs. Upjohn in the dilemma of either agreeing with it, and running the risk of having it repeated with her authority, or of discountenancing it, and almost vindicating the woman she most hated. But who is there that has not one sympathizing bosom into which he can unreservedly pour the sweetness or the bitterness of his heart? Such a friend Mrs. Upjohn was fortunate in possessing in a veteran spinster, though not yet quite an old maid, a certain Miss Letitia Cateran, who was connected in some remote way with the Rowleys. She lived at No. 1, Westbourne Place, Tyburnia, when she was at home, but she was not particularly home-keeping, finding herself more comfortable, one way or another, in the homes of her friends and acquaintances, to which a variety of clever, amusing qualities, with a prodigious gift of making herself useful, gave her frequent and welcome admission. She knew her what's what and who's who as well as any girl in England, and nobody was more mistress of the art of preserving a polite neutrality among conflicting interests, when there was no decided advantage in taking a side herself. She was an old acquaintance of the Rowleys. Mrs. Rowley perfectly understood her, but liked her in a way; and with Mr. Rowley her talents were actually triumphant; she amused him, and, before he resided permanently abroad, there was nobody whom he liked better to have about him.

When Mrs. Upjohn said she would not be long in town without unmasking her sister-in-law's schemes, it was Miss Cateran who was present to her mind's eye; for Letitia knew everybody, or, if there were any people whom she did not know, she was always sure to know somebody who did know them, or a great deal about them, which came to the same thing.

Mrs. Upjohn was not a day in London before she dispatched a little note to her dear friend, to tell her she was in town, and invite her to lunch the next day, if she had nothing better to do. It was not often the popular Letitia was to be had at such a short notice; but she was to be had on the present occasion, and she came with the more alacrity, because she inferred, from the suddenness of Mrs. Upjohn's return, that something extraordinary had taken place. Letitia was always dressed in very good taste, for which she deserved great credit, for she had a very modest income, which required good management to make the two ends meet at the close of the year. Her small means were probably the reason that she came on foot to Cumberland Gate, though the streets were sloppy; but she was provided with a neat pair of goloshes, which she slipped off behind the door in the hall. In a moment she was in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Upjohn awaited her alone, her daughter having gone out shopping or visiting. The kissing and exclaiming done, Letitia ran up to Harriet Upjohn's room (for she knew every room in the house as well as if she had been one of the family), laid her pretty pink bonnet carefully on the bed, with her parasol, and gloves, and green-silk mantilla, settled her black hair in the glass, which reflected a nice figure, as well as agreeable features (though the nose, perhaps, was cocked up a little too much for dignity), and slid smiling down again to luncheon.

A very nice luncheon it was: lobster, lamb-cutlets, spinach, and gooseberry tart; for Miss Cateran appreciated such attentions, and her friend knew it. Attractive, however, as they were, Mrs. Upjohn's secret was still more so; but, if one lady was bursting with curiosity, the other was fortunately bursting as much to satisfy it.

"What in the world has brought you back to town so suddenly?" cried Letitia, the moment the servant was sent out of the room. "You have something wonderful to tell me, I know."

"Nothing, after all, that ought to surprise you," said Mrs. Upjohn, "only that my husband has thrown up that Cornish concern at last."

"You don't say so!—thrown it up?"

"Oh, it ought to have been done long ago! but he could stand Mrs. Rowley's interference and dictation no longer; he has at last been brought to see things in the proper light."

"He has done quite right," said Miss Cateran, almost distracted between the news and the cutlets; "I always thought the position was beneath a man of his station and abilities."

"Oh, you know," said Mrs. Upjohn, "he only held it to oblige his poor brother."

"And he has thrown it up!—dear me!"

It was in vain for Mrs. Upjohn to treat the event as one of no great importance. Miss Cateran knew all the bearings of the case as well as any one, and she did not believe the resignation a bit. Helping herself now to the claw of the lobster, she added:

"And how, my dear, about Foxden?"

"Oh, of course, we throw up Foxden too," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a contemptuous wave of her hand, and the same assumption of the grand tone. "Indeed, I should probably never have gone there again; it was too far away, and such a wild place altogether."

Through the whole of this dialogue, which lasted until the turn of the gooseberry tart came, Miss Cateran was as hard pushed to dissemble her incredulity as Mrs. Upjohn to affect indifference.

"And who is to fill Mr. Upjohn's place?" was Miss Cateran's next question. It was the very one Mrs. Upjohn wanted her to put.

"Some attorney, I hear, of the name of Alexander."

Miss Cateran gave a little start.

"You know him, I see, as you know everybody."

"No, I don't, my dear, except by sight; but I might have guessed he was the man before you told me."

"He is an acquaintance of Mrs. Rowley's, I'm sure."

"Something more, I should say. Why, my dear, she has had her portrait painted for him."

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" cried Mrs. Upjohn; "but I never imagined any thing half so bad."

She threw down her fork, with which she had been only playing, her eyes glittering with malignant curiosity.

"Do tell me, Letitia, all you know about it."

"What I know is this," said Miss Cateran; "not many days ago I happened to meet Lord St. Michael's somewhere or other, and he asked me should I like to see a good picture of my friend Mrs. Rowley. 'Of all things,' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'it is to be seen at her solicitors, in Spring Gardens, Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander.'"

"The very people," cried Mrs. Upjohn, palpitating with excitement. "The handsome Mr. Alexander, is he not?"

"Yes—yes—yes, the same; he is a very handsome man, indeed. Well, I went to Spring Gardens, and, sure enough, the picture was there, and a very good likeness it is."

"Oh, Letitia, dear, this is positively shocking!"

"Only," said Miss Cateran, "that Mrs. Rowley cannot possibly know the characters of these people, or Mr. Rowley either."

"Then they are not even reputable attorneys."

"Reputable! Why, don't you remember the affair that made such a great noise a good many years ago?—the solicitors who robbed their clients to such an extent—Alexander and Moffat?"

"I suppose I must have heard of it; but it has escaped my memory."

"Old Alexander died, and it was suspected that he committed suicide. The other absconded. It was a terrible business altogether."

"And the present Mr. Alexander is the son of the man who hanged himself?"

"Of course he is, my dear; but there is nothing against him, I believe."

"Nothing against him, indeed! Before I left Foxden, I told my husband what I suspected was going on, and it is worse, a thousand times, than I supposed. In her husband's lifetime, Letitia!—it is actually horrible!"

"You forget, my dear, that Mr. Alexander may be a friend of Mr. Rowley's as well as of his wife's; and there may not be much in the picture, after all."

"My belief is, Letitia, that Mr. Rowley knows no more of Mr.

Alexander than he knows of the great Mogul, though how his wife became acquainted with him I can't imagine. But surely he ought to be informed who the people are in whose hands he has got. Something ought to be done, before it is too late, to save the family from disgrace. You write to Mr. Rowley sometimes, don't you?"

Miss Cateran was not the girl to be made a cat's-paw of so easily. She replied that she now seldom wrote to Mr. Rowley, and could never presume to make the slightest allusion to his affairs. At the same time, without sanctioning Mrs. Upjohn's imputations on her sister-in-law, she agreed that it would be only right that Mr. Rowley should know all about his new man of business, if he did not know it already.

"And, in my humble opinion," she concluded, "either your husband or yourself would be the proper person to do it."

"It must be done," said Mrs. Upjohn, with an expression of bitter determination, "no matter who does it."

After a pause, and a second glass of claret, it occurred to Letitia that her friend ought to see the picture with her own eyes.

"A very good suggestion," said Mrs. Upjohn; "who knows but we may pick up something?" and she rang, and ordered her brougham.

"Picking up something" was a favorite phrase with Mrs. Upjohn; it probably descended to her with other beauties of expression from the fine old gentleman of Mincing Lane.

The visit to Spring Gardens was, of course, abortive. The ladies were informed that the picture was no longer there.

"It was not intended for his office," said Mrs. Upjohn, as she drove away without picking up any thing.

"Shall I drop you at home, Letitia?"

"Do, like a dear."

So they parted at No. 1, after a mutual agreement, than which no agreement was ever worse observed, that, for the sake of decency and the credit of the family, the less that was said about these matters the better.

On returning home, Mrs. Upjohn found a letter from her husband, which acquainted her with the occurrences which had taken place in Cornwall after her departure, particularly the arrival of Mrs. Rowley. Her daughter had one, also, from Mr. Blackadder, with still more details. The temper of neither mother nor daughter was improved by their correspondence—so we willingly leave them to take counsel together, and return to the smiling country.

AN OLD-TIME DUEL.

IT was in 1803 that Captain Fournier of the Chasseurs, and Captain Dupont of the Hussars, commenced a duel which lasted nearly five years. Fournier was the most famous duellist in the French army at the time. He was a skilful swordsman, and even more skilful with the pistol. When quarrels were scarce, he would frequently smash with his pistol-balls the pipes in the mouths of soldiers, who sat unsuspectingly thirty paces away. And quarrels, of course, became lamentably scarce with such an expert as Fournier, and the soldiers, becoming wary, would not sit out-doors as usual, nor in fact at their windows, with their pipes in their mouths. While matters were in this strait, young Blumm, a wealthy burgher, who had been roistering around Fournier's quarters in Rouen, one evening, was found a corpse the next morning, with a rapier thrust in his throat. Blumm being inexperienced, some indignation was excited among the citizens against Fournier, who was believed to have dispatched him. Fournier, however, never replied to the indignant murmurs that reached his ears, except by a shrug of his shoulders. "A fight," he would say, "is too precious to lose."

On the night succeeding Blumm's funeral, a ball was given at the Grand Opera, the finest ball that it was probable Rouen would see for many a day. It was reported that Fournier had expressed an intention of coming. This following so closely on the disastrous duel, public decency was shocked at the suggestion. The general said that it must be prevented. He sent for the captain of the guard, who happened to be young Captain Dupont.

"Captain," said the general, "Fournier proposes to come to the ball to-night. You see it is plainly impossible that he should be admitted."

"Yes, general."

"You will, therefore, prevent his entrance, captain."

"Yes, general."

Captain Dupont knew Fournier by sight and fame alone. The two could not be intimate friends, for Dupont detested duelling and duellists. He was a good swordsman, a man of honor, and had a brave heart. He loved Marie Huton, a lovely young lady of Rouen, and the day just before the ball she had consented to become his wife. Now he felt that he must be a better swordman than Fournier, if he won her. Not that Fournier loved her, or even knew her, but Dupont saw that a duel was inevitable, and he must kill or be killed.

The ball opened, and Dupont was at his post. Late in the evening, Fournier arrived.

"Captain," said Dupont, "it would seem somewhat indecorous for you to attend a ball on the night of young Blumm's funeral."

"I presume," answered Fournier, "that I alone have the right to judge of that."

"Apparently not," replied Dupont; "the general has decided that you should not attend."

"Has the general directed you to prevent my entrance?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are willing to answer at the sword's point, for impertinences that you retail second-hand."

"I am willing to answer at the sword's point."

"Early in the morning then, captain, at the usual spot," said Fournier, eagerly; "so, *bon soir*; I assure you I do not regret the ball."

The parties met at the appointed time and place, and, after a few well-contested thrusts, Dupont was wounded in the shoulder. As he fell, he exclaimed; "I claim another fight."

Then he sank into insensibility.

"Perhaps you will claim it when you recover, and perhaps you will not," said Fournier, and, leaving Dupont in the care of surgeons, he withdrew. Within two weeks Dupont was well again, and he sent word to Fournier that he claimed his privilege.

The code of honor in those days guaranteed a fight until death or surrender, but a cessation when either party received a wound sufficient to incapacitate him.

Fournier was gratified at Dupont's demand for another fight.

"One man for two or three fights," said he, "is economy."

They met again, and Fournier this time received a severe thrust in the shoulder. "Ah," said he, in anguish as he fell, "I claim the privilege."

They met a third time, and Fournier was again wounded, and again claimed the privilege. When he had nearly recovered from his second wound, he sent a note to Dupont asking him to call and see him. Dupont went.

"My dear captain," said Fournier, "we have had three bouts, and I hope we shall have many more. I therefore propose that we draw up a convention by which to govern our future combats."

"I had hoped, captain," responded Dupont, "that we would not have more than another fight at the farthest, but I heartily subscribe to your idea of a convention."

And between them they drew up an agreement, similar to this:

- 1.—A fight shall be arranged whenever the parties are within thirty leagues of one another.
- 2.—There shall be no excuse from fighting except illness, or military duty.
- 3.—Pistols shall not be used except by mutual consent.
- 4.—Death, surrender, or mutual agreement, shall alone terminate the fight.

Fournier objected to the third clause, as he expressed himself anxious to try a pistol-fight once more, but Dupont insisted upon it, as he knew that the fight would be unequal with that weapon.

That night Captain Dupont, with his company of hussars, was ordered to Beauvais. He went to see his sweetheart Marie, before his departure. He asked her to marry him then and there, but she refused.

"No," she said, "you have a duel on hand with Captain Fournier, and I will not marry you until the duel is ended."

"Alas, my dear Marie," answered the captain, "we have just drawn up an agreement to fight at every opportunity, until we die or surrender."

"Heavens!" cried Marie, "the duel may never be ended!"

"Hope better than that, Marie," he answered. "It may be ended the next bout."

But she was disconsolate, and he went away to his quarters with a heavy heart.

He wrote the following note to Captain Fournier:

"Sir: I am ordered with my company to Beauvais. Address me in case you should be in that neighborhood."

"Yours, etc.,

"ALEXIS DUPONT."

The next day the company departed, to the inexpressible regret of Marie Huton and Captain Fournier.

"Ah," said Marie, in tears at her window, "what a hateful thing is this duelling!"

"Ah," said Captain Fournier, in his sick-chair on a balcony, "what an exquisite duellist!"

Six months passed, and the combatants were still separated. One day, Fournier was ordered to carry important dispatches to Paris. He was accompanied by two chasseurs, and, while laboring through a tangled forest-path, he met Dupont.

"My dear Dupont," he cried, "I have been almost dead to see you."

"My dear Fournier," responded Dupont, "I am quite glad to meet you. Shall we fight?"

"Heavens!" said Fournier, "I have no time. I am carrying important dispatches to Paris. But you—"

"I have a short leave of absence for Rouen, but, if you wish, I will ride with you to Paris."

"My dear, good Dupont," cried Fournier, in ecstasy, "you give me new life. Come, then."

And Dupont, turning his horse, sped onward with the party. They stopped late at night at a quiet little hostelry, where, after a hearty meal, Fournier and Dupont retired to the same room to sleep. Fournier awoke before daylight, and discovered Dupont sitting at the fire, with his head in his hands.

"My dear Dupont," said Fournier, yawning, "why are you so abstracted?"

"To tell you the truth," said Dupont, "I am vexed. My leave of absence was for the purpose of seeing my *fiancée* at Rouen, and she will not cherish me more highly for preferring a duel with you, to a chat with her."

"Then you wish to return. We can arrange it. I shall show you that I can be as generous as yourself. We'll fight now, and you can return to-morrow."

"But," interposed Dupont, "suppose something should happen by which your dispatches are delayed?"

"There is where my generosity comes in," answered Fournier, rising and preparing to dress himself.

"My dear fellow," said Dupont, "you are not philosophic. If your dispatches were to miscarry, it might be a matter of considerable detriment to France."

"And I might be court-martialled," said Fournier, "and then I could not fight you any more. I will give them to one of my chasseurs."

"No," said Dupont, "I will carry them if you fall."

They stirred up the fire, to give them better light, and then they closed again in deadly combat. The fight was long, for Fournier had learned to be cautious, and Dupont had long been so. While their rapiers were still twining and twisting, without a scratch having been received by either, the day broke into the room, and the sun struck fairly into Captain Dupont's eyes, blinding him for an instant. In that instant he felt, for he could not see, the pressure of Fournier's sword against his own relax, and, on stepping from the sunlight, he found that Fournier had withdrawn so that Dupont's back would be partly toward the sun. The two, standing thus on opposite sides of the narrow strip of sunlight, stopped a moment, and dropped the points of their swords.

"Captain," said Dupont, tenderly, "I have to thank you for a very graceful courtesy."

"Captain," returned Fournier, with feeling, "you taught me the lesson."

With that they again took position, and were about to renew the fight, when a knock came at the door, and a chasseur entered. He saluted in military style, and said: "Breakfast and the horses are ready, captain."

The two captains hesitated a moment, when Dupont said: "I think this comes under the head of military duty, captain?"

"True," returned Fournier, and the two sheathed their swords. The chasseur withdrew.

"I presume you will return to Rouen," said Fournier, as they proceeded to fully enrobe themselves.

"Yes," returned Dupont, "we have had our bout, and, although neither has been wounded, I for one do not feel the less satisfied."

They mounted their horses, and parted at the door, Fournier going toward Paris, and Dupont toward Rouen.

"Wait for me if you can," said Fournier, as they shook hands on their departure.

On reaching Rouen, Dupont reported to the general, and called upon Marie. He again urged marriage upon her.

"No," she said. "You cannot doubt my love, Alexis, but I will surely doubt yours if you urge marriage upon me while this terrible duel is pending."

The very next day, Dupont received orders from the general to return immediately to his company and prepare for the campaign. The great Napoleon was again about to take the field.

Dupont left his regrets with Fournier. "It seems," he wrote, "that fate is against us as well as the general."

Fournier returned answer: "It is hard, but we must have patience."

Over two years had elapsed, and, at Austerlitz, Dupont found Fournier almost overborne by an attack of Austrian cavalry. With his own good company at his heels, he dashed to the rescue, and brought Fournier, badly wounded, from the hands of the foe.

"Is it you, Dupont?" he asked, faintly, as he opened his eyes. "How shall I thank you?"

"By getting well again, my poor friend," said Dupont.

These two enemies now termed each other "friend"—Dupont, too, who had detested duelling and duellists.

When Fournier was almost well, a month later, he rode ten leagues to meet Dupont. The latter was overjoyed to see him looking so well.

"We have not had a fight for over two years," said Fournier. "Is it not sad?"

"We will have one now."

With that their rapiers again sprang to the work. Dupont seemed abstracted. He laid his guard open freely, but Fournier did not notice that he was not playing his best. At one of these unlucky moments, Fournier pricked him unmercifully in the right breast. Dupont fell almost without a groan. Fournier sprang to him, and raised his head.

"My friend, my friend!" he cried, "look up."

He tore open his breast, and discovered there a parchment commission as colonel of hussars for gallantry at the battle of Austerlitz, where he had rescued Fournier.

"A colonel!" he cried, "and yet he consented to fight me, a captain. Good, generous friend!"

He gave Colonel Dupont into the hands of his servants and his surgeon, and withdrew with a bowed head and an aching heart, thinking of the modest, generous demeanor of his friend and enemy.

Two battles took place soon after that, and Fournier displayed such consummate daring that Napoleon himself conferred the cross upon him, and made him a colonel. His first step, after receiving his colonelcy, was to ride over to Dupont. Alas! Dupont had been made a general of brigade.

"The fates are against me," said Fournier.

"It is hard," said Dupont; "but have patience."

Four years and a half had elapsed since Dupont barred Fournier's entrance to the ballroom at Rouen. Fournier had recently won his promotion to general, and several bouts had taken place, with varying results. At least ten duels had been fought by the two in this time, and at least five wounds were recorded on each one's body by the other's rapier. Fournier, being of the opinion that duelling was the normal condition of man, was delighted. Dupont was despondent, for Marie remained firm to her purpose.

He asked her again to marry him. "This duel," he repeated, "will probably never end."

"Then I will never marry," she said, firmly.

"It can only end by my surrendering to Fournier," said he, as he turned bitterly from her presence.

This woman, who loved him so dearly, gazed after him with flashing eyes. "Did he say surrender?" she murmured. That night, as General Dupont rode at a slashing gait past her house, in the direction of Beauvais, where Fournier was now stationed, she muttered a short prayer, and rested her head on her hands. In her heart of hearts she said: "He surely will not surrender."

Dupont reached Fournier early the next morning. They embraced like old friends, as, indeed, they were, for Fournier, about a month previous, had proved his friendship by pricking a young fellow who had said something derogatory of Dupont's sweetheart.

"At least," he said, in telling Dupont of the circumstance, "I thought it might have been your sweetheart, for she lived in Rouen, and he called her Marguerite."

"My dear fellow," Dupont had responded, "there may be many Marguerites in Rouen; but my sweetheart is not one of them. She is Marie."

A shade of gloom overshadowed Fournier's countenance. "I was wrong, then," he said. "I pricked the poor fellow for no cause at all."

When Dupont and Fournier had embraced, Dupont entered immediately upon the business that had brought him.

"I have come, Fournier," he said, "to compromise the whole matter between us."

"Compromise it? Impossible."

"Listen first. We have been fighting for nearly five years, and for what?"

"Ciel! I do not know."

"You surely remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Not a bit of it."

"My dear Fournier," said Dupont, "when we were both captains at Rouen, I, by the general's order, debarred your entrance to the grand ball, on the night of the funeral of young Blumm, whom you slew."

"My dear Dupont," said Fournier, coolly, "I never slew young Blumm. He was a burgher, and I would not have condescended to fight with him. I remember now that you debarred my entrance to the grand ball; but you had your premises all wrong."

"Why, then, did you not say so?" asked Dupont.

Fournier shrugged his shoulders. "That was not for me to do. Duels were scarce in those days, and my cause of quarrel had nothing to do with Blumm. He was probably killed by some roistering blade of his own rank, while I received the credit of it, as I did of every wild act occurring in Rouen at that time."

"Then the whole thing has been a mistake," said Dupont. "Is there any reason why we should continue our quarrel?"

"Ah! yes, general," said Fournier, with a smile. "You see, it was not the killing of Blumm that constitutes our cause of quarrel; it was your barring my entrance to the ball."

"True," said Dupont, with a sigh. "Then, I have come to propose a compromise."

"Why, my dear general, do you wish to wind up our pleasant interchanges so summarily?"

"Because," replied Dupont, in a low tone, "my betrothed will not marry me until this duel is ended."

"Ah!" said Fournier, rising, "have I been doing you such a wrong as that? Come, then, let's hear your proposition."

"It is this: We will fight with pistols. As you have greatly the advantage, we will each take our two pistols, and enter the private park of M. La Tour, in the suburbs, at opposite gates. Then we will fire when we like."

"The idea is a good one," said Fournier; but he was apparently not enthusiastic over this duel with pistols, which he had been so long craving. He was, in fact, abstracted.

The two separated, and repaired to the park. As Fournier entered the northern gate, he saw Dupont waving his hand to him in the southern entrance. They advanced a short distance, and Fournier took refuge behind a tree. Dupont, seeing this, did the same. They were still at long range; but Fournier, stepping from behind his tree, fired one shot, which struck against Dupont's tree, a foot above the roots. Dupont then moved forward to another tree, and the two were thus brought in closer range.

"One of his two shots is gone," said Dupont. "It is bad shooting for Fournier. Let me see if I can draw his other one."

He thrust his hat cautiously from behind the shelter of the tree.

Fournier plainly saw the ruse. Nevertheless he fired at the hat, which, he knew, was not on Dupont's head. The ball went through it. Dupont, having drawn his adversary's fire, stepped out, and advanced upon him with his two pistols, still loaded, in his hand. Fournier, with a pale face, stepped gayly out from behind his tree, took off his hat with a bow, opened the breast of his coat, and said, "Shoot!"

Dupont dashed his pistols on the ground. "I will not," he cried. "Then," said Fournier, "my life is in your hands. Make your own terms."

"Fournier," said Dupont, taking both his hands, and looking into his eyes, "our duel is no longer a duel. We do not fight to kill, but to show generosity. Your two pistol-shots were intended, not to hit, but to miss me. I can fight you no longer, and I give you your life without terms."

"I take it," responded Fournier, "only on condition that I may be your friend, and not your antagonist, and that, if we ever fight again, you shall hold the right you now have—to two shots first."

The terms were accepted, and the two friends were no longer antagonists. On returning to Rouen, Dupont claimed Marie's hand, and told her how the duel had ended.

"Then," said she, "you did not surrender?"

"No."

Then that woman, who loved him so, fell into his arms, and whispered in his ear:

"Ah! dear, if you had surrendered, I should never have spoken to you again."

THE ASCETIC EPIDEMIC IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

EGYPT was the parent of monachism, and it was there that it attained both its extreme development and its most austere severity; but there was very soon scarcely any Christian country in which a similar movement was not ardently propagated. St. Athanasius and St. Zeno are said to have introduced it into Italy, where it soon afterward received a great stimulus from St. Jerome. St. Hilariion instituted the first monks in Palestine, and he lived to see many thousands subject to his rule, and toward the close of his life, to plant monachism in Cyprus. Eustathius, Bishop of Sebastia, spread it through Armenia, Paphlagonia, and Pontus. St. Basil labored along the wild shores of the Euxine. St. Martin of Tours founded the first monastery in Gaul, and two thousand monks attended his funeral. Unrecorded missionaries planted the new institution in the heart of Ethiopia, amid the little islands that stud the Mediterranean, and in the secluded valleys of Wales and Ireland. But even more wonderful than the many thousands who thus abandoned the world, is the reverence with which they were regarded by those who, by their attainments or their character, would seem most opposed to the monastic ideal. No one had more reason than Augustine to know the danger of enforced celibacy, but St. Augustine exerted all his energies to spread monasticism through his diocese. St. Ambrose, who was by nature an acute statesman; St. Jerome and St. Basil, who were ambitious scholars; St. Chrysostom, who was preëminently formed to sway the refined throngs of a metropolis—all exerted their powers in favor of the life of solitude, and the three last practised it themselves. St. Arsenius, who was surpassed by no one in the extravagance of his penances, had held a high office at the court of the Emperor Arcadius. Pilgrims wandered among the deserts, collecting accounts of the miracles and the austerities of the saints, which filled Christendom with admiration; and the strange biographies which were thus formed, wild and grotesque as they are, enable us to realize very vividly the general features of the anchorite life, which became the new ideal of the Christian world.

There is, perhaps, no phase in the moral history of mankind of a deeper or more painful interest than this ascetic epidemic. A hideous, sordid, and emaciated maniac, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the ghastly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero and the lives of Socrates or Cato. For about two centuries, the hideous maceration of the body

was regarded as the highest proof of excellence. St. Jerome declares, with a thrill of admiration, how he had seen a monk who for thirty years had lived exclusively on a small portion of barley bread and of muddy water; another, who lived in a hole, and never eat more than five figs for his daily repast; a third, who cut his hair only on Easter Sunday, who never washed his clothes, who never changed his tunic till it fell to pieces, who starved himself till his eyes grew dim, and his skin "like a pumice-stone," and whose merits, shown by these austerities, Homer himself would be unable to recount. For six months, it is said, St. Macarius of Alexandria slept in a marsh, and exposed his body naked to the stings of venomous flies. He was accustomed to carry about with him eighty pounds of iron. His disciple, St. Eusebius, carried one hundred and fifty pounds of iron, and lived for three years in a dried-up well. St. Sabinus would only eat corn that had become rotten by remaining for a month in water. St. Besarion spent forty days and nights in the middle of thorn-bushes, and for forty years never lay down when he slept, which last penance was also, during fifteen years, practised by St. Pachomius. Some saints, like St. Marcan, restricted themselves to one meal a day, so small that they continually suffered the pangs of hunger. Of one of them it is related that his daily food was six ounces of bread and a few herbs; that he was never seen to recline on a mat or bed, or even to place his limbs easily for sleep; but that sometimes, from excess of weariness, his eyes would close at his meals, and the food would drop into his mouth. Other saints, however, ate only every second day; while many, if we could believe the monkish historian, abstained for whole weeks from all nourishment. St. Macarius of Alexandria is said during an entire week to have never lain down, or eaten any thing but a few uncooked herbs on Sunday. Of another famous saint, named John, it is asserted that for three whole years he stood in prayer, leaning upon a rock; that, during all that time, he never sat or lay down, and that his only nourishment was the sacrament, which was brought him on Sundays. Some of the hermits lived in deserted dens of wild beasts, others in dried-up wells, while others found a congenial resting-place among the tombs. Some disdained all clothes, and crawled abroad like the wild beasts, covered only by their matted hair. In Mesopotamia, and part of Syria, there existed a sect known by the name of "Grazers," who never lived under a roof, who ate neither flesh nor bread, but who spent their time forever on the mountain-side, and ate grass like cattle. The cleanliness of the body was regarded as a pollution of the soul, and the saints who were most admired had become one hideous mass of clotted filth. St. Athanasius relates with enthusiasm how St. Antony, the patriarch of monachism, had never, in extreme old age, been guilty of washing his feet. The less constant St. Pœmen fell into this habit for the first time when a very old man, and, with a glimmering of common-sense, defended himself against the astonished monks by saying that he had "learned to kill, not his body, but his passions." St. Abraham the hermit, however, who lived for fifty years after his conversion, rigidly refused from that date to wash either his face or his feet. He was, it is said, a person of singular beauty, and his biographer somewhat strangely remarks that "his face reflected the purity of his soul." St. Ammon had never seen himself naked. A famous virgin named Silvia, though she was sixty years old, and though bodily sickness was a consequence of her habits, resolutely refused, on religious principles, to wash any part of her body except her fingers. St. Euphrasia joined a convent of one hundred and thirty nuns, who never washed their feet, and who shuddered at the mention of a bath. An anchorite once imagined that he was mocked by an illusion of the devil, as he saw gliding before him through the desert a naked creature black with filth and years of exposure, and with white hair floating to the wind. It was a once beautiful woman, St. Mary of Egypt, who had thus, during forty-seven years, been expiating her sins. The occasional decadence of the monks into habits of decency was a subject of much reproach. "Our fathers," said the Abbot Alexander, looking mournfully back to the past, "never washed their faces, but we frequent the public baths." It was related of one monastery in the desert that the monks suffered greatly from want of water to drink; but, at the prayer of the Abbot Theodosius, a copious stream was produced. But soon some monks, tempted by the abundant supply, diverged from their old austerity, and persuaded the abbot to avail himself of the stream for the construction of the bath. The bath was made. Once, and once only, did the monks enjoy their ablutions, when the stream ceased to flow. Prayers, tears, and fastings, were in

vain. A whole year passed. At last, the abbot destroyed the bath, which was the object of the divine displeasure, and the waters flowed afresh. But, of all the evidences of the loathsome excesses to which this spirit was carried, the life of St. Simeon Stylites is probably the most remarkable. It would be difficult to conceive a more horrible or disgusting picture than is given of the penances by which that saint commenced his ascetic career. He had bound a rope around him so that it became imbedded in his flesh, which putrefied around it. "A horrible stench, intolerable to the by-standers, exhaled from his body, and worms dropped from him whenever he moved, and they filled his bed." Sometimes he left the monastery, and slept in a dry well, inhabited, it is said, by demons. He built successively three pillars, the last being sixty feet high, and scarcely two cubits in circumference; and on this pillar, during thirty years, he remained exposed to every change of climate, ceaselessly and rapidly bending his body in prayer almost to the level of his feet. A spectator attempted to number these rapid motions, but desisted from weariness when he had counted twelve hundred and forty-four. For a whole year, we are told, St. Simeon stood upon one leg, the other being covered with hideous ulcers, while his biographer was commissioned to stand by his side, to pick up the worms that fell from his body, and to replace them in the sores, the saint saying to the worm, "Eat what God has given you." From every quarter, pilgrims of every degree thronged to do him homage. A crowd of prelates followed him to the grave. A brilliant star is said to have shone miraculously over his pillar; the general voice of mankind pronounced him to be the highest model of a Christian saint, and several other anchorites imitated or emulated his penances. . . . In the case of the saints of the deserts, there can be no question that the picture—which is drawn chiefly by eye-witnesses—however grotesque may be some of its details, is in its leading features historically true. It is true that self-torture was for some centuries regarded as the chief measure of human excellence, that tens of thousands of the most devoted men fled to the desert to reduce themselves by maceration nearly to the condition of the brute, and that this odious superstition had acquired an almost absolute ascendancy in the ethics of the age. The examples of asceticism I have cited are but a few out of many hundreds, and volumes might be written, and have been written, detailing them. Till the reform of St. Benedict, the ideal was on the whole unchanged.

THE STORY OF "PARADISE LOST."

WE find the following, credited to Charles Reade, in one of our exchanges, that is usually better informed on such subjects: "John Milton did not give away 'Paradise Lost'; he sold it for ten pounds, to show his contempt of money, says canting Camden—because Tonson would not give him any more, say common-sense and I." Surely there is scarcely any biographical fact that has been oftener repeated than that of Milton having sold his *magnum opus* to Simmons, the bookseller, for five pounds down, and a prospective payment of the same amount if the sale exceeded thirteen hundred copies.

The story of "Paradise Lost," which may be new to some readers, is briefly as follows: It was Milton's life-long ambition to write a great work that his country "would not willingly let die;" and he doubtless thought, during the troublous times of the civil war, that his fondly-cherished hopes were baffled; that he had indeed been born an age too soon; that he had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues; but, when peace again smiled on his native land, he turned his attention to the selection of a subject. Before he determined on his long philosophical poem, he appears to have ranged through history in quest of a topic of sufficient interest and capability, and to have dwelt for a time fondly on King Arthur. At last he reached a point beyond which it was impossible to go. Milton's choice was made, and "Paradise Lost" grew slowly into being.

The exact date when Milton—of whom the Bishop of Avranches wrote to Salmasius, who had done him the honor of abusing him, "How can you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton?"—began his great Christian poem

is not known; but we do know that for many years, mostly under his own roof, in Artillery Walk, or while sauntering through the streets of London, when Charles Stuart was amusing himself with his licentious court; when John Dryden was witnessing his own plays performed at the Globe Theatre; when poor Sam Butler was growing morose from neglect and ill-usage; when the lively and garrulous Samuel Pepys was running about embalming notes for posterity; and when the Puritan poet's friend, Andrew Marvell, was interesting himself in his behalf—the plan was carried and resolved in the blind man's brain, till at length he was able to exclaim:

"Give me my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!"

By dictations of fifty to a hundred lines at a time, the work was at last completed. We have no accurate information as to the exact date when "Paradise Lost" was finished, but it was some time previous to the 27th of April, 1667, the day on which it was sold to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for five pounds down, with a premium of five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold, and five pounds when thirteen hundred of the second should have been sold, and so on for successive editions, each edition to consist of fifteen hundred copies. As originally published, the poem consisted of ten books, and was sold at three shillings. The stipulated thirteen hundred copies were disposed of before the 26th of April, 1669, on which day Milton signed a receipt for the second five pounds, which we have seen hanging in a neat frame on the walls of the famous breakfast-room of Samuel Rogers. The remaining two hundred copies do not seem to have sold so fast, as it was not until the year of Milton's death that a second edition was published. In the second edition the ten books are converted into twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth, and there were also some few other alterations. A third edition appeared in 1678, and in December, 1680, Mrs. Milton parted with her interest in "Paradise Lost" for eight pounds, paid to her by Simmons; so that the total amount received by the poet and his family for this matchless work was twenty-eight pounds, or *one hundred and forty dollars*—less than Alfred Tennyson was recently paid by the publisher of a popular English periodical for writing a dozen lines!

BRILLIANTS

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

DESPAIR not, spirit of man, when thy powers fail, because thy earth-body bends, pales, and at last gives way under the weight of years. Once on a summer's night, the flowers glimmered in their dew before the dazzling moon, each decked with silver pearls. When the morning approached, they became dim, the pearls lost their splendor, for the moon grew pale and set, and cold tears only remained in the flowers. Behold! the sun arose, the flowers shone again, but jewels instead of pearls glistened in them and decked the new morning. On thee also, old man, will a sun arise hereafter and illumine thy darkened dew-drop.

"We have looked into heaven with the telescope, but it is dark and void, and the infinite space is empty," say the sharp-sighted skeptics. You perverted men, you are right; only you hold the telescope inverted, and look in at the wrong end.

There is no work of art that does the genius and taste of a woman more credit, and which she should daily polish and improve, than her daughters.

God is light, which, though never seen itself, makes every thing else visible, while it disguises itself in a garment of colors. Thine eye does not feel the ray, but thy heart its warmth.

Harder and Schiller, in their youth, both thought of becoming surgeons. But Providence said: "Nay! there are deeper wounds than those of the body—heal them!" And both became authors.

FOR WHAT?

For what
This maze of weary care;
This bitter loss;
The grief and pain we share;
This earthly cross?
For what
The pall and shuddering knell?
Ah! who may tell?

For what
This glimpse of hallowed joys;
This broken strain
Lost in earth's jarring noise,
Then caught again?
For what
This breath from the outward sea
To you and me?

For what
These doubts and wasting fears;
This fond caress;
These dark and toilsome years;
This faded tress?
For what
These withered hopes and leaves,
And blighted sheaves?

For this:
O hearts that ache and bleed,
Were earth all blest,
Who then would ever need
God's heavenly rest?
For good
Still falls the Eternal Will,
Oh not for ill!

GEORGE COOPER.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

III.

E V E.

AN octagonal room with flat-arched ceiling, without windows, lighted from above, lined—walls, floor, and vaulted roof—with peach-blossom-colored marble; in the middle of the room, a canopy in pall-black marble culminating in a point, and having wreathed columns, in the massive and charming style of Elizabeth, overshadowing a bath-basin also in black marble; in the middle of the basin a delicate jet of scented and tepid water filling the basin softly and slowly—this was what he had before his eyes.

Black bath, thus constructed, in order to transform the whiteness into lustre.

It was this water that he had heard. An escape-pipe in the bath, at a certain level, prevented any overflow. The basin smoked, but in such small degree that there was scarcely a sign of vapor on the marble. The slender jet of water was like a supple rod of steel, that bends at the least breath of wind.

No furniture, except, beside the bath, one of those cushioned reclining-couches, made long enough to lie upon with a dog at the feet.

It was a Spanish couch, seeing that the framework was in silver. The cushions and the arms were covered with white *glacé* silk.

Set against the wall, on the other side of the bath, appeared a dressing-table in solid silver, with all its appliances, and having in the middle eight small Venetian mirrors in silver sash-work, suggesting a window.

In the side of the wall nearest to the couch, there was a square recess hollowed out, that looked like a dormer-window, and that was closed by a panel made of a sheet of red-silver. The panel had hinges as a shutter has. A royal crown, inlaid and gilded, sparkled upon the red-silver. Above the panel a clock-bell, silver-gilt if not in gold, was suspended and secured to the wall.

Opposite the entrance of this room, facing Gwynplaine, who had stopped short, there was a break in the marble lining. It was replaced by an opening of the same size, reaching up to the spring of the vaulted ceiling, and closed by a broad and lofty cloth of silver tissue.

This cloth, of fairy-like fineness, was transparent. It could be seen through.

In the centre of the cloth, where the spider is generally found, Gwynplaine saw something formidable—a woman.

The silver tissue, transparent as glass, was a curtain. It was only fastened from above, and might be lifted. It separated the room in marble, which was a bath-room, from a chamber, which was a bedchamber. This chamber, a very small one, might almost be called a grotto of mirrors. All round it, Venetian glasses—close together, adjusted in polyhedrons, and connected by gilded rods—reflected the bed that was in the centre. Upon the bed, in silver, like the toilet-table and the couch, the woman was lying. She was sleeping, with her head thrown back.

Her pillow of gauze had fallen to the ground, upon the carpet.

The chamber, rather an alcove than a chamber, was lighted, with something of reticence, by the reflection from the bath-room.

The bed had neither posts, nor dais, nor canopy, so that the woman, on opening her eyes, could see herself a thousand times reflected in the mirrors above her head.

The sheets were in disorder, as by a troubled sleep. Their fine quality was indicated by the beauty of the folds. This was the epoch when a queen, supposing that she would be damned, figured hell to herself in this wise: a bed, with coarse sheets.

A dressing-gown of curious silk—Chinese undoubtedly, for a large lizard in gold might be seen through its folds—was thrown over the foot of the bed.

Beyond the bed, at the end of the alcove, there was probably a door, masked and indicated by a sufficiently large glass, upon which were painted peacocks and swans. In this chamber, disposed in shadow, every thing shone brightly. The spaces between the crystals and the gildings were glazed with that glistening composition, which is called at Venice "*fiel de verre*," unvitriified salt.

At the bed's head there was a desk set up, of silver, with movable ledges and fixtures for lights. On this, an open book might be seen, having on the top of its pages this title, in large red letters: *Alcoranus Mahumedia*.

Gwynplaine saw not a single one of these details. What he saw was the woman.

He was at the same time petrified and overwhelmed—a contradiction, but a fact.

He recognized the woman.

She had her eyes shut, and her face turned toward him.

It was the duchess.

She, that mysterious being in whom were mingled all the splendors of the unknown—she, who had written him so strange a letter!

* *Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.*

He had chased away dreams; he had burned the letter. He had banished her, so far as he possibly could, from his dreams and from his memory. He thought no more of her; he had forgotten her...

He saw her again!

He no longer breathed. He felt himself uplifted as in a nimbus, and urged on. He looked. That woman before him! Was it possible?

At the theatre, duchess. Here, Nereid, Naiad, Fairy. In either case, an apparition.

He attempted to retreat, and found that that could not be. His looks had become two chains, and bound him to the vision.

The divinity of an angust slumber spoke out, from that unconscious brow, from those golden and scattered tresses, from those drooped eye-lashes, from those blue veins dimly perceptible.

Gwynplaine shuddered. He admired.

Unwholesome admiration, too profoundly interesting!

He was afraid.

Fate's surprise-box does not exhaust itself. Gwynplaine thought that he had come to the end of it. He was beginning again. What were all these flashes of lightning launched unceasingly over his head. What were these courtesies of the unknown tempter, fulfilling, one after another, his vague aspirations, his confused desires become living flesh, and overwhelming him beneath an intoxicating series of actualities drawn from the impossible? Was there a conspiracy of all the shades against him, poor wretch; and what would he become with all these smiles of sinister Fortune around him? What was this dizziness, expressly arranged? This woman there! Why? How? No explanation! Why he? Why she? Was he made peer of England purposely for this duchess? Who brought them thus one to the other? Who was dupe? Who was victim? Whose good faith was abused? He could not bring all these things to a point. He saw them athwart a flight of clouds within his brain. This magical and malevolent abode, this strange palace, tenacious as a prison—was it in the plot? Gwynplaine underwent a sort of reabsorption. Obscure forces throttled him mysteriously. A gravitation enchained him. His will, drawn off, went out of him. Whereto should he cling? He was haggard and under a spell. This time, he felt himself insane beyond remedy. The fall headlong into the depths of wonderment continued.

At intervals, the duchess softly shifted her place upon the bed, with the vague movement of a shadow in the azure, changing her attitude as the cloud changes its form.

Gwynplaine had counted upon every thing, but this. A fierce guardian across the threshold, some furious monster to contend with—for these he had looked. He had foreseen Cerberus. He found Hebe.

He closed his eyelids. Too much of morning-light in the eyes causes pain. But, through his closed eyelids, all suddenly, he saw her again. More in shadow, none the less lovely.

Taking flight is no easy matter. He had tried, and he could not. He was rooted, as we are in dreams. He desired, but knew not how, to snatch himself from this attraction. He felt no longer any thing to cling to. Human fluctuations are infinite. A man may be disabled, as a ship is. Conscience is the anchor. Fatal fact, the anchor may break.

He had not even this resource: "I am disfigured and terrific. She will repulse me." The woman had told him, in writing, that she was in love with him.

In crises, there is an instant of losing the perpendicular. When we lap over toward evil more than we lean upon good, that portion of ourselves, which hovers over the evil, ends by gaining the ascendancy, and precipitates us downward. Had this sad moment come for Gwynplaine?

How to escape?

Thus, she it was! The duchess! That woman! He had her before him, in that chamber, in a lone place, asleep.

The duchess!

You have remarked a star in the depths of space. You have admired it. It is so far away! What is there to fear in a fixed star? Some day—some night—you see it shift its place. You make out a quivering of light around it. The star, that you thought immovable, moves. It is not a star; it is a comet. It is the immense incendiary of the sky. The star moves on, enlarges itself, shakes out its purple stream of hair, becomes enormous. Its direction is to your side. Oh, terror, it is coming to you! The comet knows you, wishes for you, would have you. Terrific celestial approach! What comes upon you is too much of light, which is blindness; is the excess of life, which is death. You refuse this advance, that the zenith makes to you. You reject this offer of love from the abyss. You put your hands over your eyelids, you hide yourself, you shrink away from yourself, you think that you are saved... — You reopen your eyes. The terrible star is there. It is star no more; it is world. World unknown. World, of lava and of embers. Devouring prodigy of the depths! It fills up the sky. Nothing is there, but it alone. The carbuncle deep-seated in the infinite, a diamond in the distance, is, when near, a furnace. You are in its flame.

And you feel your burning up begin with a warmth from paradise.

IV.

SATAN.

THE sleeper suddenly awoke. She raised herself and sat up, with a majestic movement, at once abrupt and harmonious. Her blond hair, like floss-silk, spread itself with tumultuous softness below her waist; she stretched herself and yawned, like a tigress at the rising of the sun.

Gwynplaine probably breathed with effort, as when the respirations are held back.

—Is there any one there? said she.

At the same time she drew to her her dressing-gown, and in the twinkling of an eye the silken robe was around her. The sleeves, being very long, hid her hands; and the tips of her toes were only visible—white with tiny nails, like those on the foot of a child.

She brought forward from her back a flood of hair that she threw over her robe, then passed rapidly behind the bed to the further part of the alcove, and applied her ear to the painted mirror which apparently covered a door.

She knocked upon the glass with the little elbow, that is made by the fore-finger bent back.

—Is there any one there? Lord David, is it you already? What o'clock is it? Is it you, Barkilphedro?

She turned round.

—But no. It is not from that side. Is there any one in the bath-room? Answer! In fact, it can't be; no one can come in that way.

She went to the silver-gauze curtain, opened it with the point of her foot, set it aside by a movement of her shoulder, and entered the marble room.

Gwynplaine felt, as it were, a chill of agony. No refuge now. It was too late to fly. Besides, he had not the strength. He might have wished the floor to split asunder, and to fall, himself, underground. No means of keeping himself unseen.

She saw him.

She looked at him, prodigiously astonished, but without a start, and with a blending of delight and contempt.

—What! said she, Gwynplaine!

Then abruptly, and with a violent bound—for this cat was a panther—she threw herself on his neck.

She pressed his head between her arms, then suddenly—pushing him back, bringing down her two little hands, like talons, upon Gwynplaine's two shoulders, she standing up before him, he standing up before her—she began to eye him strangely.

She eyed him, ominous, with her eyes of Aldebaran, a mixed

visual ray, having in it a certain something of the equivocal and of the starry. Gwynplaine contemplated that blue eyeball and that black eyeball, under the double fixity of the look from heaven and the look from hell. The woman and the man interchanged a sinister dazzling. They fascinated one the other—he by deformity, she by beauty.

He was silent, as under a weight impossible to lift up. She exclaimed:

—You have intelligence; therefore you have come. You knew that I had been forced to set off from London. You have followed me. You have done well. You are wonderful, to be here.

A reciprocal taking possession has, in a certain sense, the effect of a lightning-flash. Gwynplaine recoiled, confusedly warned by a vague fear, savage and decent; but the rosy nails imprinted on his shoulder held him firm. Something of the inexorable was roughly sketching itself out. Himself a wild man, he was in the den of a wild woman.

She went on:

—Anne, that fool—you know, the queen!—made me come to Windsor without knowing why. When I arrived, she was closeted with her idiot of a chancellor. But how did you manage to reach me here? That is what I call being a man. Obstacles? There are none. He is called, and he comes quickly. Did you get information? You know my name, I think, the Duchess Josiane? Who introduced you? It was the valet-boy, without doubt. He is intelligent. I will give him a hundred guineas. How did you set about it? Tell me that. No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. Explaining belittles. I like you better to be surprising. You are monstrous enough to be marvellous. You fall down from the empyrean, look you, or you mount from the triple underground, through the trap-door of Erebus. Nothing more simple; the ceiling has parted, or the floor has opened. A descent by the clouds, or an ascent in a flame of sulphur—that is how you have come. You deserve to enter like the gods. That is enough.

Gwynplaine listened with impaired mind, feeling his thoughts vibrate more and more. It was complete. And impossible to doubt. The woman confirmed the letter sent at night. He, Gwynplaine, lover of a duchess, lover beloved! Immense pride, with its thousand sombre heads, was stirring in that miserable heart.

Vanity, prodigious force within us, against us! The duchess continued:

—Since you are here, it is because it is willed. I ask no more about it. The day that I saw you, I said:—It is he. I recognize him. It is the monster of my dreams. We must aid destiny, that is why I wrote to you. One question, Gwynplaine. Do you believe in predestination? I believe in it, myself, since reading Scipio's Dream in Cicero. Stay, I had not noticed it. A gentleman's coat! You have dressed yourself like a lord. Why not? You are a mountebank. So much the more reason. A juggler is as good as a lord. Besides, what are lords? Clowns. You have a noble figure; you are extremely well made. It is unheard of, that you should be here. When did you arrive? How long have you been in this place? Oh, I love you! You read my letter? Did you read it yourself? Was it read to you? Do you know how to read? You ought to be ignorant. I ask you questions; but do not answer them. I don't like your tone of voice. It is sweet. A being, so incomparable as you are, ought not to speak; he ought to gnash his teeth. You sing, and that is harmonious. I hate it. It is the only thing in you that displeases me. All the rest is formidable; all the rest is superb. In the Indies, you would be a god. Were you born with that awful laugh upon your face? No—am I not right? It is, beyond doubt, a penal mutilation. I really trust that you have committed some crime.

—I love you, not only because you are deformed, but because you are low down. I love the monster, and I love the

stage-player. There is marvellous savor in a lover humiliated, scouted, grotesque, hideous, exposed to laughter upon the pillory that is called a theatre. This is to bite at the fruit of the abyss. A lover, who is infamous, is exquisite.

—Probably, without knowing it, you are a demon. I have kept myself close under a dreamer's mask. You are a dancing puppet, of which a spectre holds the strings. You are the phantom of the great infernal laugh. You are the master, for whom I was waiting. Such a love was needed for me, as the Medæas have and the Canidias.

Her words came out pell-mell, like an eruption. A puncture in the side of Etna might give an idea of this jet of flame.

Gwynplaine stammered out:

—Madam...

She put her hand upon his mouth.

—Silence! I am studying you. Gwynplaine, I am immaculate. I have loved no man. I might be Pythia at Delphos, and have under my naked heel the bronze tripod, wherein the priests, leaning their elbows on the python's skin, whispered questions to the invisible god. My heart is of stone; but it resembles those mysterious pebbles that the sea rolls to the foot of the rock Huntly Nabb, at the mouth of the Tees, in which, when broken, a serpent is found. Such as this serpent, my love is. A love all-powerful, for it has drawn you hither. An impossible distance was between us. I was in Sirius, and you were in Allioth. You have made an immeasurable transit, and you are here. That is well. Hush! Take me!

She stopped. He shivered. She began to smile again.

—Look you, Gwynplaine! To dream is to create. A wish is an appeal. To build up a chimera is to provoke reality. Omnipotent and terrible, the Shade will not be set at defiance. She satisfies us. You are here. Do you know why I idolize you!—because I disdain you. So much are you beneath me, that I raise you up upon an altar. To mingle the high and the low produces chaos, and chaos pleases me. Every thing begins and ends in chaos. What is chaos? An enormous blot. And, out of this blot, God has made light; and, with this sewer, God has made the world. You know not to what degree I am perverse. Knead a star in the mud, and it would be myself.

Thus spoke this formidable woman.

She went on:

—Gwynplaine, we are made for each other. I am, internally, the monster that you are, externally. Thence my love. Caprice, it may be. What is the hurricane? A caprice. There is a starry affinity between us; one and the other, we belong to night—you by visage, I by intelligence. You, in your turn, create me. You come, and my soul is let loose. I was unacquainted with it. It is surprising. Your approach makes the hydra come out of me, the goddess. You reveal to me my true nature. You make me make the discovery of myself. See how I resemble you. Look in me, as in a mirror. Your countenance is my soul. I did not know that I was terrible to this degree. I too, then, am a monster! O Gwynplaine, you dispel my ennui.

She laughed a strange child's laugh, and said in his ear, in lowest tone:

—Would you see a woman mad? I am one.

Her look penetrated Gwynplaine. A look is a philter.

While the woman spoke, he felt as it were bespatterings of fire. He felt the welling-out of the irreparable. He had not strength to utter a word. She checked herself, and eyed him fixedly:—O monster! she murmured. She was savage.

Suddenly, she seized his hands.

—You are not ugly; you are deformed. Ugliness is little; deformity is great. Ugliness is the devil's grimace, behind beauty. Deformity is the reverse of sublimity. It is the wrong side. Olympus has two slopes: one, toward light, gives Apollo; the other, toward darkness, gives Polyphemus. You

—you are Titan. You would be Behemoth in the forest, Leviathan in the ocean, Typhon in the cloaca. You are supreme. There is the thunder-bolt in your deformity. Your countenance was spoiled by a thunder-clap. What is on your face is the angry wrench of the huge hand of flame. It moulded you, and passed on. The vast mysterious wrath, in a fit of madness, glued in your soul beneath this fearful superhuman visage. Hell is a penal chafing-dish, wherein is heated the red-hot iron that is called Fatality; and by that iron you are stamped. To love you is to grasp what is great. This triumph is mine. It is by astonishment that glory is measured. I love you. How many nights, how many nights, how many nights, have I dreamed of you! This palace is my own. You shall see my gardens. There are water-springs beneath the foliage, and beautiful groups in marble from the hand of the Chevalier Bernini. And the flowers! They are too abundant. In the spring, it is a flush of roses. Have I told you that the queen is my sister? Are you of any religion? For my part, I am a papist. My father, James II., died in France with a parcel of Jesuits around him. Never have I felt what I experience thus at your side. Oh! I would be with you in the evening, while music was played, both leaning against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the sea's infinitude of charms. Insult me! Beat me! I adore you.

Careses may roar. Do you doubt it? Go in among the lions. There was horror in this woman, and it was combined with grace. Nothing more tragic. The claw was felt; felt also was the velvet. It was the attack of the feline tribe, wherein is sign of receding. There was playfulness, and there was murder, in this vibration to and fro. She idolized, insolently. The result was madness communicated. Fatal language, inexpressibly violent and sweet. What insulted, did not insult. What adored, outraged, deified. An indescribable Promethean grandeur was impressed by her accent upon her furious and amorous words. The festivals of the great goddess, sung by Æschylus, invested with this sombre epic madness the women seeking satyrs beneath the stars. These paroxysms had their part in the mysterious dances under the oaks of Dodona. This woman was as though transfigured, if transfiguration be possible on the side that is the opposite of Heaven. Her hair had the crispings of a lion's mane; the beamings of her blue eye mingled with the flammings of her black eye; she was supernatural. Gwynplaine, giving way, felt himself vanquished by the deep penetrating power of such approach.

It was exquisite and like a lightning-flash for Gwynplaine, to be loved by a woman who could look and who had seen him. Before this woman charged with enigmas, he felt every thing fainting away within him. His recollection of Dea struggled, in this overshadowing, with but feeble cries. There is an antique bas-relief, that represents the Sphinx devouring a Cupid; the wings of the gentle celestial being are bleeding between her ferocious and smiling teeth.

Was it that Gwynplaine loved this woman? Is it that man, like the globe, has two poles? Are we, upon our inflexible axis, the turning sphere—star in the distance, mud in approximation—where day and night alternate? Has the heart two sides; one that loves in light, the other that loves in darkness? Here, woman a ray; there, woman a cloaca? The angel is a necessity. Can it be possible that the devil is also a need? Is there, for the soul, the wing of the bat? Does the twilight-hour ring out fatally for all of us? Is error an integral part of our destiny, not to be refused? Must the evil in our nature be taken, in the gross, with the rest? Is error a debt that must be paid? Deep cause for shuddering!

And yet a voice tells us that weakness is a crime. What Gwynplaine experienced was inexpressible—the flesh, life, affright, intoxication overburdened, and all the amount of shame that there is in pride.

She repeated:—I love you.

Suddenly, close beside them, a little ringing tinkled out, sharp and clear. It was the bell fastened against the wall, that tinkled. The duchess turned her head, and said:

—What does she want with me?

And abruptly, with the noise of a spring-trap, the silver panel, incrustated with a royal crown, slid open.

The interior of a turning-box, lined with purple velvet, appeared, with a letter upon a plate of gold.

The letter was voluminous and square, and so placed as to show the seal, which was a large impression upon vermilion wax. The bell continued its sound.

The duchess took the letter from the plate, and pushed back the panel. The box was reclosed, and the bell was silent.

The duchess broke the wax between her teeth, tore open the envelope, took out from it the two folded documents that it contained, and threw the envelope on the ground at Gwynplaine's feet.

The impression on the broken wax remained decipherable; and Gwynplaine could distinguish on it a royal crown, and, below that, the letter A.

Both sides of the torn envelope were exposed, so that at the same time the address might be read: *To her Grace the Duchess Josiane.*

The two folded objects, contained in the envelope, were a parchment and a sheet of vellum. The parchment was large; the vellum was small. On the parchment was impressed a large chancery seal, in the green wax called "lordship-wax." The duchess, all palpitating and her eyes bathed in ecstasy, pouted an imperceptible sign of annoyance.

—Ah! said she, what is it that she sends me here? A lot of rubbish? What a kill-joy that woman is!

And, laying aside the parchment, she opened the vellum.

—It is her writing. It is my sister's writing. It wearies me. Gwynplaine, I asked you if you knew how to read. Do you know how to read?

Gwynplaine made with his head the sign of yes, and, taking the vellum, unfolded it; then, with a voice in which there were all sorts of tremblings, he read:

"Madam,

"We send you, of our grace, a copy adjoined hereto of an official report, certified and signed by our servant William Cowper, Lord-Chancellor of our kingdom of England, and from which results the important detail that the legitimate son of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie has been identified and found again, under the name of Gwynplaine, in the debasement of a wandering and vagabond existence, and among mountebanks and jugglers. This suppression of his condition goes back to his earliest age. In compliance with the laws of the realm, and in virtue of his hereditary right, Lord Fermain Clancharlie, son of Lord Linnæus, will be, this very day, admitted and reinstated in the Chamber of Peers. This is why, desirous to treat you kindly and to preserve to you the transmission of the possessions and domains of the Lords Clancharlie-Hunkerville, we substitute him in your good graces for Lord David Dirty-Moir. We have caused Lord Fermain to be brought to your residence of Corleone Lodge; we order and will, as queen and sister, that our said Lord Fermain Clancharlie, called Gwynplaine, up to this day, shall be your husband, and you will espouse him, and this is our royal pleasure."

While Gwynplaine was reading, with intonations that faltered at almost every word, the duchess listened with set look. As Gwynplaine finished it, she snatched the letter from him.

—ANNE, QUEEN, said she, reading the signature, in dreamy tone.

Then she picked up from the ground the parchment, that she had thrown there, and ran her eye over it. It was the declaration made by the lost men on board the *Matutina*, copied upon

an official report, signed by the sheriff of Southwark and by the lord-chancellor.

Having read the report, she read again the queen's communication. Then she said:

— So be it!

And, quite calmly, pointing out with her finger, to Gwynplaine, the door-curtain of the corridor, by which he had entered:

— Go out! said she.

Gwynplaine, petrified, remained motionless.

She went on, icy:

— Since you are my husband, go out!

Gwynplaine, speechless and with eyes cast down like a criminal's, did not move.

She added:

— You have no right to be here.

Gwynplaine was as though transfixed.

— Well, then, she said; it must be I. I retire. Ah! you are my husband! Nothing better; I hate you!

And rising, and waving a lofty gesture of adieu to some one—it is hard to say whom—in empty space, she passed out.

V.

WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOM WE DO NOT KNOW.

Gwynplaine remained alone.

The crumbling of his ideas into dust was complete. What he thought had no semblance to thought. It was a diffusion, a dispersion—the agony of being in the incomprehensible. There was in him something like the effort of escaping, in a dream.

Entrance into unknown worlds is not an easy matter.

From the duchess's letter brought by the valet-boy, a series of hours full of surprises had begun for Gwynplaine, growing less and less unintelligible. Up to that moment, he had been in a dream, but he saw clearly in it. Now he was groping there in the dark.

He did not think. He did not even dream any more. He underwent.

Suddenly, amid this gloom, there was a noise of steps. It was a man's step. The step came from the side opposite the corridor, into which the duchess had passed out. It drew near, and might be heard, dull but plainly marked. Notwithstanding his absorption, Gwynplaine listened.

All at once, beyond the silver-gauze curtain that the duchess had left uplifted, behind the bed, the door which it was easy to figure under the painted glass opened wide, and a masculine and joyous voice, singing at full pitch, threw forward into the mirrored chamber this chorus of an old French song:

Trois petits gorettes sur leur fumier
Juraient comme des porteurs de chaise.
Three little pigwigs on their dunghill
Were swearing like sedan-chair bearers.

A man came in.

The man had a sword at his side, and in his hand a feathered hat with loop and cockade. He was dressed in a splendid naval uniform, covered with gold lace.

Gwynplaine rose to his feet, as though a spring had set him up.

He recognized the man; and the man recognized him.

From their two mouths, stupefied, came forth simultaneously the double cry:

— Gwynplaine!

— Tom-Jim-Jack!

The man with the feathered hat advanced upon Gwynplaine, who crossed his arms.

— How come you to be here, Gwynplaine?

— And you, Tom-Jim-Jack, how come you here?

— Ah! I understand. Josiane! A caprice. A mountebank, who is a monster, is too fine a thing to be resisted. You disguised yourself to come here, Gwynplaine.

— And you, too, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Gwynplaine, what's the meaning of this lord's coat?

— Tom-Jim-Jack, what's the meaning of this officer's coat?

— Gwynplaine, I don't answer questions.

— Nor I, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Gwynplaine, I am not named Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Tom-Jim-Jack, I am not named Gwynplaine.

— Gwynplaine, I am at home here.

— I am at home here, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— I forbid you to echo me. You have an ironical touch; but I have my walking-stick. A truce to your parodies, wretched scoundrel!

Gwynplaine turned pale.

— Scoundrel yourself! And you shall satisfy me for this insult.

— In your booth, as much as you please. With fists.

— Here, and with swords.

— Friend Gwynplaine, the sword is the affair of gentlemen. I fight only with men of my own quality. We are equal before the fist—unequal before the sword. At the Tadcaster Inn, Tom-Jim-Jack can box with Gwynplaine. At Windsor, it is different. Learn this: I am a rear-admiral.

— And I, I am a peer of England.

The man, in whom Gwynplaine saw Tom-Jim-Jack, burst out into a laugh.

— Why not king? In fact, you are right. A stage-player is every one of his parts. Tell me that you are Theseus, Duke of Athens.

— I am a peer of England, and we will fight.

— Gwynplaine, this is stretching it out. Don't trifle with a person who can have you whipped. My name is Lord David Dirry-Moir.

— And mine is Lord Clancharlie.

Lord David broke out into a second laugh.

— Well imagined. Gwynplaine is Lord Clancharlie. That is in fact the name a man must have, to get possession of Josiane. Hark. I forgive you. And do you know why? It is because we are the two lovers.

The tapestry over the corridor-door was withdrawn, and a voice said:

— You are the two husbands, my lords!

Both turned round.

— Barkilphedro! exclaimed Lord David.

It was, in truth, Barkilphedro.

He bowed low to the two lords, with a smile.

Behind him, at some paces, a gentleman with respectful and severe countenance was visible. He had a black wand in his hand.

This gentleman advanced, made three reverences to Gwynplaine, and said to him:

— My lord, I am the usher of the black rod. I came to look for your lordship, conformably to her Majesty's orders.

"SPONTANEOUS GENERATION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

I.

IT is in most cases unwise to notice adverse criticisms. Either they do not admit of answers, or the answers may be left to the penetration of readers. When, however, a critic's allegations touch the fundamental propositions of a book, and especially when they appear in a periodical having the position of the *North American Review*, the case is altered. For these reasons the article on "Philosophical Biology," published in the October number of that periodical, demands from me an attention which ordinary criticisms do not.

It is the more needful for me to notice it, because its two leading objections have the one an actual fairness and the other an apparent fairness; and, in the absence of explanations from

me, they will be considered as substantiated even by many, or perhaps most, of those who have read the work itself—much more by those who have not read it. That, to prevent the spread of misapprehensions, I ought to say something, is further shown by the fact that the same two objections have already been made in England—the one by Dr. Child, of Oxford, in his *Essays on Physiological Subjects*, and the other by a writer in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1865.

In the first volume of the "Biology," at page 210, there occurs the following note: "Unfortunately the word *Heterogenesis* has been already used as a synonyme for 'spontaneous generation.' Save by those few who believe in 'spontaneous generation,' however, little objection will be felt to using the word in a sense that seems more appropriate."

In this note I have, as the reviewer says, tacitly repudiated the belief in "spontaneous generation;" and that I have done this in such a way as to leave open the door for the interpretation given by him is true. Indeed, the fact that Dr. Child, whose criticism is a sympathetic one, puts the same construction on this note, proves that your reviewer has but drawn what seems to be a necessary inference. Nevertheless, the inference is one which I did not intend to be drawn.

In explanation, let me at the outset remark that I am placed at a disadvantage in having had to omit that part of the system of philosophy which deals with inorganic evolution. In the original programme will be found a parenthetic reference to this omitted part, which should, as there stated, precede the "Principles of Biology." Two volumes are missing. The closing chapter of the second, were it written, would deal with the evolution of organic matter—the step preceding the evolution of living forms. Habitually carrying with me in thought the contents of this unwritten chapter, I have, in some cases, expressed myself as though the reader had it before him; and have thus rendered some of my statements liable to misconstructions.

Apart from this, however, the explanation of the apparent inconsistency is very simple, if not very obvious. In the first place, I do not believe in the "spontaneous generation" commonly alleged, and referred to in the note; and so little have I associated in thought this alleged "spontaneous generation," which I disbelieve, with the generation by evolution, which I do believe, that the repudiation of the one never occurred to me as liable to be taken for repudiation of the other. That creatures having *quite specific structures* are evolved in the course of a few hours, without antecedents calculated to determine their specific forms, is to me incredible. Not only the established truths of biology, but the established truths of science in general, negative the supposition that organisms, having structures definite enough to identify them as belonging to known genera and species, can be produced in the absence of germs derived from antecedent organisms of the same genera and species. If there can suddenly be imposed on simple protoplasm the organization which constitutes it a *Paramacium*,* I see no reason why animals of greater complexity, or indeed of any complexity, may not be constituted after the same manner. In brief, I do not accept these alleged facts as exemplifying evolution, because they imply something immensely beyond that which evolution, as I understand it, can achieve.

In the second place, my disbelief extends not only to the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," but to every case akin to them. The very conception of spontaneity is wholly incongruous with the conception of evolution. For this reason I regard as objectionable Mr. Darwin's phrase "spontaneous variation" (as indeed he does himself); and I have sought to show that there are always assignable causes of variation. No form of evolution, inorganic or organic, can be spontaneous; but in every instance the antecedent forces must be adequate in their quantities, kinds, and distributions, to work the observed

effects. Neither the alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," nor any imaginable cases in the least allied to them, fulfil this requirement.

If, accepting these alleged cases of "spontaneous generation," I had assumed, as the reviewer seems to do, that the evolution of organic life commenced in an analogous way, then, indeed, I should have left myself open to a fatal criticism. This supposed "spontaneous generation" habitually occurs in menstrua that contain either organic matter, or matter originally derived from organisms; and such organic matter, proceeding in all known cases from organisms of a higher kind, implies the preexistence of such higher organisms. By what kind of logic, then, is it inferrible that organic life was initiated after a manner like that in which *Infusoria* are said to be now spontaneously generated? Where, before life commenced, were the superior organisms from which these lowest organisms obtained their organic matter? Without doubting that there are those who, as the reviewer says, "can penetrate deeper than Mr. Spencer has done into the idea of universal evolution," and who, as he contends, prove this by accepting the doctrine of "spontaneous generation," I nevertheless think that I can penetrate deep enough to see that a tenable hypothesis respecting the origin of organic life must be reached by some other clew than that furnished by experiments on decoction of hay and extract of beef. Having thus briefly stated what I do not believe in relation to this subject, I will pass in another communication to what I do believe.

ARE WE WOMANIZING?

IT has been said, and apparently not without reason, that the peculiarly dry air of this continent has served to produce some remarkable physical peculiarities in our people. That we are, as a rule, spare, pale, and nervous, while our cousins of England are as generally plump, sanguine, and ruddy, has long been an admitted fact; and on what he has been pleased to consider our gradual desiccation, as indicated by this circumstance, an ingenious Frenchman has not hesitated to state his conviction that we were approaching the monkey type. The fingers, says this pleasant Gaul, of America are lengthening, and assuming such terminal sharpness as to indicate simial tendencies. So well appreciated, indeed, he continues, are these tendencies, that gloves made in Paris for the American trade are constructed upon a system of rules, as to the length of the fingers, that does not prevail in the case of goods made for consumption by any other kid-wearing people. Further than this, he proceeds to consider the coming ape as portended in the jaw of the period; but, as at this rate we would infallibly be gifted with tails, with which, by-the-by, we believe our *savant* does, *in futuro*, endow us, let us come to a theory of our own.

It is this. Are we *womanizing* in mind? Are we losing in strength and gaining in sweetness? Forgetting how to reason, and learning how to feel? Let us see. The distinguishing characteristic of the masculine intellect is continuity; the prominent feature of the woman's mind, intensity. These traits appear strongly in the handwriting of the sexes. The man seldom lifts his pen from the paper, save where the necessities of the occasion impel him; with the woman it is the exception rather than the rule that her strokes connect and letters join. Such a thing as a dash from the end of one word to the beginning of another, without removing the pen from the paper, is, perhaps, almost unknown in feminine chirography. The reason is evident. On that one particular thing which the woman has in hand at a given moment of time, whether the formation of a written letter in a word, or an expression of admiration at a new dress, she throws herself *toto corpore*. It is not a part of her that is there, but the whole of her. She is intense. To the contrary, it is very

* See Museum, page 572.

difficult to touch any one given stop in that instrument called Man, and thereby make the whole organism thrill. He will wait, the man will; he is not so sure about that; he must think it over. This thought that has come blazing in upon him has not taken him by storm, by any means. The entire man is not there to be taken; a great part of the army is always in the rear, and not till this has come up and formed its junction is it decided whether to retreat, surrender, or repulse—evade, assent, or deny. This does not take so long to do as it does to write about, but still it conveys the idea of interval, while the operation of the woman mind is, instantaneous.

And now are we womanizing? Are we gaining speed, like those leggy English racers, at the cost of wind and bottom? There is some reason to think that we are. The texture of our logic is not what it should be, certainly not what it is in England, and most assuredly below that of France. This relaxation of the mental fibre is especially evident in the daily press, though here the fact of thought being, to use a hunting phrase, "in a drive," must be taken into account, since, otherwise, much that is due to haste or carelessness might be ascribed to more serious causes. But in periodical literature and in our books there are not these excuses, and yet here, too, we find an increase of intensity at the cost of continuity. It seems, in short, though in a sense not before dreamed of, an age of "modern instances." Particular cases are generalized into rules with a celerity that speaks much for our brilliancy, but very little indeed for our soundness. To illustrate, we met the other day in a paper the broad head-line "Life in the West." The article immediately following was a telegram from some far Western State, giving an account of a distressing quarrel, in which two men had fought, and one killed the other with a bowie-knife. It was not stated but that in any Eastern city there might have been an affair similar in its incidents, nor was the allegation made that the homicide was other than an exceptional occurrence in the locality indicated in the telegram, as indeed the existence of the telegram itself proved, since an every-day matter would not have been deemed important enough to telegraph. And yet, though this was an exceptional case, and might have occurred anywhere, the title to the intelligence was "Life in the West," leaving the inference, of course, that cutting people open with bowie-knives is quite the ordinary thing in Western society. And that this was the idea in the mind of the journalist when preparing a title for his telegram the reader can readily perceive. Murder was evidently the editorial reasoning, murder in the West; hang it, they are *always* killing folks out there, and down went the heading "Life in the West." Now this kind of reasoning is not masculine, but feminine. A thoroughly masculine mind would say, Man killed—sad affair; and down it would go as "A Man killed at —." The difference is noticeable. The masculine mind perceives that it is one man killed at one point, and records it as just what it is, an instance. The womanized mind instantly generalizes the special point into the whole West, and the particular slayer into the general tendency of the entire population. This is precisely the feminine mode of ratiocination. At the mention of a man slashed to death, the blood and gashes intensify themselves before the woman. Where was he killed? Out West. "Ugh!" she cries, "I wouldn't live out West for the world."

With this the reader is in possession of what we mean by the womanizing tendency of American mind, and may form his own estimate as to how far that tendency prevails. For our own part, we are inclined to believe that it exists to a much greater extent than is altogether consistent with a state of general intellectual health. That it makes men more sympathetic is no doubt true, but quite as true, we fancy, that it renders them less just. Woman is more sympathetic than man, and yet a chief justice, bench, bar, and jury, in petticoats, would be apt to make wild work with any ordinary docket, tutor them

as you might in the learning of the law. That rigid continuity of thought which has reflection for its synonyme is not for woman, and yet if man recedes from it while woman does not approach, it is easy to see that the correlation of mental forces becomes impaired.

The practical effect of this derangement is often grievous, for there are not lacking those who, while free from it themselves, do not scruple to use it in others for their own purposes. A remarkable instance of such use we remember in a late debate in Congress, where one of the most sinewy and thoroughly masculine minds in the House, adduced, as the ground of a proposed act of legislation that would have greatly affected at least four million persons, a very remarkable, and, so far as our reading and observation go, altogether unparalleled circumstance of a purely personal nature. To suppose that the fallacy of his generalization was not known to the member in question would be to insult an exceedingly acute intelligence, and that, knowing it to be a fallacy, he yet put it forth as good reason in a singular evidence of his belief in, and disposition to take advantage of, a prevalent deterioration of the American logical tone. To generalize instances, then; to make the exception, not the proof of the rule, but *the* rule, is the peculiarity, we repeat, of the feminine intellect, and the question is, whether the masculine mind is not exhibiting a tendency to the same mode of ratiocination, or, in other words—Are we womanizing? S. D.

VICTOR HUGO: "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ONCE only in my life I have seen the likeness of Victor Hugo's genius. Crossing over when a boy from Ostend, I had the fortune to be caught in mid-channel by a thunder-storm, strong enough to delay the packet some three good hours over the due time. About midnight the thunder-cloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank a straying or restless dance or chase of summer lightnings across the lower sky: a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining Oceanides, along the tremulous floor of the sea. Eastward, at the same moment, the space of clear sky was higher and wider, a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no color namable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon—Artemis, watching with a serene splendor of scorn the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed with phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven and in the same hour there shone at once the three contrasted glories, golden and fiery and white, of morn-light, and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water.

That, in a most close and exact symbol, is the best possible definition I can give of Victor Hugo's genius. And the impression of that hour was upon me the impression of his mind—physical, as it touched the nerves with a more vivid passion of pleasure than music or wine; spiritual, as it exalted the spirit with the senses, and, above them, to the very summit of vision and delight. It is no fantastic similitude, but an accurate likeness of two causes working to the same effect. There is nothing but that delight like the delight given by some of his works. And it is because his recent book has not seldom given it me again that I have any thing here to say of it.

It is a book to be rightly read—not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal; and therefore cannot be impaired by any want of realism. Error, and violation of likelihood, or fact, which would damn a work of Balzac's or of Thackeray's, cannot ever lower or lessen the rank and value of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but

those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assault the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare; or Newton's, because he has not written like Milton. This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle, so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Roade as "anonymmicule who go scribbling about;" there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and tread inaudibly behind his heels. It is not every demigod who is vulnerable there.

This book has in it, so to say, a certain elemental quality. It is great because it deals greatly with great emotion. It is a play played out not by human characters only—wind and sea, thunder and moonlight, have their parts too to fill. Nor is this all; for it is itself a thing like these things, living, as it were, an elemental life. It pierces and shakes the very roots of passion. It catches and bends the spirit as Pallas caught Achilles and bent him by the hair. Were it not so, this would be no child of the master's; but so, as always, it is. Here, too, the birth-mark of the great race is visible.

It is not, whatever it may seem, a novel or a study, historical or social. What touches on life or manners, we see to be accidental by-play as soon as we see what the book is indeed—the story of the battle of a human spirit, first with Fate, then with the old three subordinate enemies, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. And here I will say where the flaw, as I think, lies; for, like other great things, a great book must have a flaw. The Flesh and the Devil, Josiane and Barkilphedro, are perfect; the World is drawn wrong. And the reason is not far to seek. We all brush daily against the Flesh and the Devil, we must all rub shoulders and shake hands with them, and they are always much the same at root, only stronger and weaker with this man than with that; therefore it needs only the hand of a great poet to paint them greatly, after their true and very likeness. But the World is multifarious. To paint one aright of its many faces, you must have come close enough on that side to breathe the breath of its mouth and see by the light of its eyes. No accumulation of fact upon fact, gleaned and laid up never so carefully, will avail you instead. Titan himself cannot paint without colors. Here we have canvas and easel duly made ready, but the colors are not to be had. In other words, there are many curious and accurate details painfully studied and stored up for use; but, alas! it is only for misuse. Here are many social facts rightly retailed and duly laid out side by side, but no likeness of social life. Here are the Mohocks of the day, for example, much as we find them in Swift; here is often visible even a vexatious excess of labor in the research of small things; useless, because the collector of them has never applied his spirit to the spirit of the time in which these small things played, in passing, their small parts. He cannot, because that time has no attraction for him on any one side to temper the repulsion he feels from another side of it. Pure hate and scorn of an age or a people destroy the faculty of observation, much more of description, even in the historic mind; what, then, will they do in the poetic? Doubtless there has been, as doubtless there is now, much that is hateful and contemptible in social matters, English or other; much also, as certainly, that is admirable and thankworthy. Doubtless, too, at one time and another there has been more visible of evil and shameful than of noble and good. But there can never have been a time of unimixed good or evil; and he only who has felt the pulse of an age can tell us how fast or slow its heart really beat toward evil or toward good. A man who writes of a nation, or a time, however bad and base in the main, without any love for it, cannot write of it well. A great English poetess has admirably said that a poet's heart may be large enough to hold two nations. Victor Hugo's, apart from his heroic love of man, a love matchless except by Shelley's, holds two nations especially close, two of the greatest. It has often been said he is French and Spanish; that is, he loves France and Spain, the spirit of them attracts his spirit; but he does not love England. There are great Englishmen whom no man has praised more nobly than he; but the spirit of historic England has no attraction for him. Hence, far more important than any passing errors of grotesque nomenclature or misplaced detail, the spiritual and ingrained error of the book, seen only from its social or historic side. We catch nowhere for a moment the mode of English life in the reign of Anne. Those for whom I write will know, and will see, that I do not write as a special pleader for a country or a class, as one who will

see no spot in England or nobility. But, indeed, it is an abuse of words to say that England is governed or misgoverned by her aristocracy. A republican, studying where to strike, should read better the blazon on his enemy's shield. "England," I have heard it said, "is not 'a despotism tempered by epigrams,' but a plutocracy modified by accidents."

Enough now of the flaws and failures in this work; "enough, with over-measure." We have yet before us the splendor of its depths and heights. Entering the depths first, we come upon the evil spirit of the place. Barkilphedro, who plays here the part of devil, is a bastard offspring of Iago and Madame de Mortm: having something of both, but diminished and degraded; combining, for instance, the deep demoniac calm of the lifelong patience. He has too much inward heat of discontent, too much fever and fire, to know their perfect peace of spirit, the equable element of their souls, the quiet of mind in which they live and work out their work at leisure. He does not sin at rest: there is somewhat of fume and fret in his wickedness. There is the peace of the devil, which passeth all understanding. He, though like them sinning for sin's sake, and hating for the love of hate, has yet a too distinct and positive quality of definable evil. He is actually ungrateful, envious, false. Of them we cannot say that they are thus or thus; in them there is a purity and simplicity of sin, which has no sensible components; which cannot be resolved by analysis into this evil quality and that. Barkilphedro, as his maker says with profound humor, "has his faults." We fear that a sufficient bribe might even tempt him into virtue for a moment, seduce him to soil, by a passing slip, the virginity of vice. Nevertheless, as the evil spirit of envy rather than the devil absolute, he is a strong spirit and worth study. The few chapters full of fiery eloquence and a passion bitter as blood, in which his evil soul is stripped and submitted to vivisection, contain, if read aright, the best commentary ever written on Iago. We see now at last, what no scholiast on Shakespeare shows us, how the seed may be sown and watered which in season shall bring forth so black a blossom, a poison—so acrid and so sure.

In this poem, as in the old pictures, we see the serpent writhing, not fangless, under the foot of an angel, and in act of bruising, as of old, the heel that bruises his head. Only this time it is hardly an angel of light. Unconscious of her office as another St. Michael, the Angel of the Flesh treads under the unconquerable devil. Seen but once in full, the naked glory of the Titaness irradiates all one side of the poem with excess and superfluity of splendor.

Among the fields and gardens, the mountain heights and hollows, of Victor Hugo's vast poetic kingdom, there are strange superb inmates, bird and beast of various fur and feather, but as yet there was nothing like this. Balzac, working with other means, might have given us, by dint of anxious anatomy, some picture of the virgin harlot. A marvelous study we should have had, one to burn into the brain and brand the memory for ever; but rather a thing to admire than desire. The magnetism of beauty, the effluence of attraction, he would not have given us. But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new-blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live color, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable. This we see first and feel, and after this the spirit. It is a strange beast that hides in this den of roses. Such have been, however, and must be. "We are all a little mad, beginning with Venus." Her maker's definition is complete; "a possible Astarte latent in an actual Diana." She is not morally spotless in body; she is perverse, not unclean. There is nothing of foulness in the mystic rage of her desire. She is indeed "stainless and shameless;" to be unclean is common, and her "divine depravity" will touch nothing common or unclean. She has seven devils in her, and upon her not a fleck of filth. She has no more in common with the lewd low hirelings of the baser school of realism, than a creature of the brothel and the street has in common with the Thanada who rent in sunder the living limbs of Orpheus. We seem to hear about over the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels—the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm, shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the "bull-voiced" bellowing under-song of these dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder, the fury of divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron.

A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches. We see Virgilia as clearly as Imogen; we see Dea as clearly as Esmeralda. Yet Imogen pervades the action of *Cymbeline*, Virgilia

hardly speaks in crossing the stage of *Coriolanus*. It is not easy to write at all about the last chapters of the book; something divine is there, impalpable and indefinable. I must steal the word I want; they are "written as in tears and star-fire." Or, to take Shakespeare's words after Carlyle's, they are "most dearly sweet and bitter." The pathos of *Æschylus* is no more like Dante's, Dante's no more like Shakespeare's, than any of these is like Hugo's. Every master of pathos has a key of his own to unlock the source of tears, or of that passionate and piteous pleasure which lies above and under the region of tears. Some, like Dante, condense the whole agony of a life into one exquisite and bitter drop of distilled pain. Others, like Shakespeare, translate it pang by pang into a complete cadence and symphony of suffering. Between Lear and Ugolino the balance can never be struck. Charles Lamb, we may remember, spent hours on the debate with a friend who upheld Dante's way of work against Shakespeare's. On which side we are to range the greatest poet of our own age, there can be no moment of question. I am not sure that he has ever touched the keys of sorrow with surer hand or deeper music than here. There is nothing in his work of a more heavenly kind; yet, or it may be because, every word has in it the vibration of earthly emotion; but through it rather than above, there grows and pierces a note of divine tenderness, the very passion of pity that before this has made wise men mad. Even more than the pathos of this close, its purity and exaltation are to be noted; nothing of common is there, nothing of theatrical. And indeed it needed the supreme sweetness of Dea's reappearance, a figure translucent with divine death, a form of flesh that the light of heaven shines through more and more as the bodily veil wears thinner and consumes, to close with music and the luminous vision of a last comfort, a book so full of the sound and shine of storm. With the clamor and horror yet in our ears of that raging eloquence in which the sufferer flings into the faces of prosperous men the very flame and hell-fire of his suffering, it needed no less than this to leave the mind exalted and reconciled. But this dew of heaven is enough to quench or allay the flames of any hell. There are words of a sweetness unsurpassable, as these: "Tout cela s'en va, et il n'y aura plus de charbon." And upon all these dwells the measureless and nameless peace of night upon a still sea. To this quiet we have been led through all the thunder and tumult of things fatal, from the tempestuous overture of storm and whirlwind; from sea again to sea. There is a divine and terrible harmony in this chorus of the play, secretly and strangely sustained, yet so that on a full reading we feel it, though at first sight or hearing it must be missed.

Of the master's unequalled power upon natural things, upon the elements we call inanimate, knowing even less the laws of their life than of ours, there is happily no need, as surely there are no words, to speak. Part of this power we may recognize as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of Nature. Thus, in "*Les Travaillours de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them; from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of Nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellent, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how should there not be distorted and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a monster is no pleasant playfellow, the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on, but have we not seen first the face of an heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which Nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time, who love and serve his art, should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds

with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to beget in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm—a shocking splendor of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor—it has rather been singularly rich—in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as his master? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play—say "*Marion de Lorme*," but one great lyric work, say "*Les Contemplations*," but one great tragic play, say any one you please—the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of *Barkilphedro* the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very patent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may and should wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepossession application, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last—Is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this—these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? Could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it, and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength to grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (Anne)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshining with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire running on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

ON THE SURVIVAL OF SAVAGE THOUGHT IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By E. B. TYLOR.

THE present argument is concerned with portions of the vast mass of evidence bearing on the subject of the development of culture, of which some examples were discussed by the speaker two years since in a discourse on the Early Mental Condition of Man. It is now

proposed to change the point of view, and, taking for granted an early rude condition of mankind, to explain some phenomena of our present civilization as being traceable survivals from more primitive states of culture.

Among the most important uses of the study of survival in civilization, is the light it throws on superstition. Three times out of four superstition is a case of survival. When the Hindu Brahman, making his sacrifice, has to forget his flint and steel, and go back to the simple wooden fire-drill for making fire by friction, one Brahman pulling the thong backward and forward, and another standing with tinder to catch the sacred spark, he believes that he keeps up this time-honored process in order to obtain pure and holy fire; but we see that it is a rude old primitive art, long discarded in practical life, but retained for ceremonial use: in a word, it is a survival.

Thus it is with superstition. Some old belief or custom belonging to a low level of culture is carried on into the midst of a higher civilization which practically disowns it, and such relics of ancient thought not only survive, but sometimes revive with wonderful vigor. Mediæval witchcraft is a typical instance; it was no new product of mediævalism, but a revival in principle, and mostly even in detail, from the crudest savage sorcery, which had been carried along the course of civilization till, finding in mediæval life a congenial soil, it burst out afresh, and grew apace, like the ill weed it was.

Witchcraft is all but dead among us, but there is going on at this day a great revival of belief and philosophy from the same low stage of culture to which belongs the witchcraft of the New Zealander or of the Puritan of the Commonwealth. Some details of the ethnography of spiritualism will serve to show that it is an example of savage thought surviving in modern civilization.

The world-wide doctrine of spiritual beings has been described before by the general name of Animism. Animism is the doctrine of all men who believe in active spiritual beings; it is essentially the antagonist of materialism, and in some form or other it is the religion of mankind, from the rude savage of the Australian bush or the Brazilian forest, up to the most enlightened Christian. Now, Animism in the lower civilization is not only a religion, but also a philosophy; it has to furnish rational explanations of one phenomenon after another, which we treat as belonging to biology or physics. If a man is alive and moving, the animistic explanation is that his soul, a thin, ethereal, not immaterial being in the man's likeness, is within him animating him, just as one gets inside a coat and moves it. If the man sleeps and dreams, then either the soul has gone out of him to see sights that he will remember when he wakes, or it is lying quiet in his body, receiving visits from the spirits of other people, dead or alive—visits which we call dreams. If the man, when fasting or sick, sees a vision, this is a ghost or some other spirit; if he faints or falls into a fit, his soul has gone out of him for a time, and must be recalled with mystic ceremonies; if it returns, he recovers, but, if it stays away permanently, then the man is dead. If the man takes a fever or goes mad, then it is a spirit which is hovering about the patient, shaking and mistreating him, or it has got inside him, and is driving him, tearing him, speaking and crying by his voice.

These details are only a few out of the great system of savage animism, which accounts for what we call physical cause and effect as produced by the immediate action of spiritual beings; but even these are enough to show that it is far from being nonsense, that in fact it is a highly rational theory for men in a low state of knowledge. It is common to hear the religion of savages spoken of with contempt by those who have never realized its meaning or its place in history, but it is surely unjust to despise a religion which is abreast of the highest intellectual level of the people it prevails among, and which is part and parcel of their most advanced knowledge.

This early animistic doctrine is to a great degree superseded by science, which sees in dreams and visions, not objective spiritual visits, but subjective phenomena of the mind, and regards the afflicted cataleptic now no longer as doctored, but as patient. Yet it survives largely in popular belief, and has even from time to time come up vigorously in revivals. One of these revivals is the great modern Spiritualistic movement, a movement due to many men, but perhaps especially, though indirectly, to the intensely animistic teachings of one man, Emanuel Swedenborg. In comparing savage and barbaric with modern spiritualism, it will be better to give typical cases rather than to multiply details.

As the Australian native sorcerer or the Tartar shaman lies in

lethargy while his soul departs to the land of spirits, so it is usual in modern spiritualistic narratives for persons to be in an insensible state when their apparitions visit distant places, whence they bring back information, and where they communicate with the living. The Greenland *angekok* sees in his visions the souls of the dead; they are pale and soft, and he who tries to seize them feels nothing, for they have no flesh, nor bone, nor sinew. Among the Finns the professional shaman can see the ghosts of the dead, but they are not visible to common men except in dreams. Thus the apparitions of the dead are seen by the modern spiritualist in vision or dream, as the case may be. Swedenborg relates that for twenty-seven years he conversed with the departed spirits of relatives and friends, or kings and princes, and wise men; and he protests that these are not fictions of the imagination, as many will believe, but really seen and heard in a state of complete wakefulness. There may be some here who have visited the house of a great living French novelist, and have seen the arm-chair where the spirits of the dead sit and hold converse with him—there is a chain fastened across the seat to keep out profane visitors.

When the soul is liberated at death, is a suitable moment for it to appear to people in whom it takes an interest; and accordingly the wraith or fetch, the apparition which announces death, occupies in savage psychology the intermediate place between the outgoing soul of the living and the ghost of the dead. The Karens say a man's *la*, or spirit, appearing after death, may thus announce it; the Caribs give the name of *marangigoana* to souls, which by their appearance announce impending death; in Madagascar, the *ambiroa*, or apparition which announces death, appears not only to others but even to the dying man himself. Thence we trace on the belief into the lives of the saints, as where, when St. Ambrose died, newly-baptized children saw the apparition of the holy bishop, and pointed him out to their parents; but their grosser eyes could not behold him. Folk-lore kept up the wraith in Europe as part of the well-known Highland second-sight. Fifty years ago, Macculloch, in his "Description of the Western Islands," declared the old superstition to be dying out; "ceasing to be believed, it has ceased to exist." But, if he had lived now, he would have to finish his sentence, "coming to be believed again, it has again begun to exist." Stories of wraiths are among the most habitual phenomena of the "night side of Nature." The mass of apparition stories in spiritualistic books are of types so familiar that it is needless to quote examples from them.

Among savage animists it is to be observed that there always arises a class of professional conjurers, who live in special intercourse with the spirits and perform wonders by their aid. One of the old Moravian missionaries, a century ago, gives an account of the way in which the Greenland sorcerers used to go on their spirit journey to the other world. When the *angekok* has drummed and writhed about for a while, he is bound by one of his pupils, his head between his legs, and his hands behind his back. The lamps are put out and the windows darkened, for no one must see him hold intercourse with his spirit; no one must move or even scratch his head, that the spirit may not be interfered with; or rather, as the old missionary says, that no one may catch the sorcerer at his trickery, and there is no going up to heaven in broad daylight. At last, after strange noises have been heard, and a visit received from or paid to the spirit, the magician reappears unbound, but pale and excited, and gives an account of his adventures. The Ojibway conjurers also do this untying trick; and across in Siberia the shamans practice the same coarse juggle. The shaman sits down and is bound hand and foot, the shutters are shut, and he invokes the spirits; all at once there arises a ghostly horror in the dark—voices are heard in different parts, and a rattling and drumming on the dry skin the shaman sits on; bears growl, snakes hiss, squirrels leap about the room. At last it is over, and behold, in walks the shaman free and unbound from outside. No one doubts, says Castrén, that it was the spirits who were drumming, growling, and hissing in the yurt, and who released the shaman from his bonds. The unbinding trick is not unknown in English folk-lore, and it is needless to point out the similarity in the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers.

Savage animism flourishes in Central Asia, where the lamas have long been great practitioners in the now familiar art of table-moving. To quote only one instance: John Bell, of Antermomy, one hundred and fifty years ago, describes the process of finding a thief who had stolen some damask. The lama got on a four-legged bench, "and soon carried it, or, as was commonly believed, it carried

him to the very tent, when he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with; for it is in vain, in such cases, to offer any excuse."

One of the most celebrated of modern spiritual manifestations is the feat of rising in the air. This, if not savage, has a long and curious ethnographic history. It is familiar to Buddhism, where every saint who has attained to "riddhi," or perfection, is able to rise in the air, as also to overturn the earth and stop the sun. The appearance of the miracle in the Western World belongs, it seems, to classic times; foreign conjurors were exhibiting it to the Greeks in the first century. After a while it became a regular prodigy of Christian miracle. The Lives of the Saints swarm with it. St. Dominic, St. Dunstan, St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius Loyola, are among the list of saints who not only metaphorically "rose above the earth," but were thought, particularly by biographers a long while after they were dead, to have literally hung suspended in the air in life. Thus, when St. Richard, the Chancellor to St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, one day softly opened the chapel door to see why the archbishop did not come to dinner, he saw him raised high in air with knees bent and arms stretched out; falling gently to the ground at sight of the intruder, the prelate complained of being thus hindered of great spiritual delight and comfort. The old archbishop's mantle, or some remnant of it, has now descended on Mr. Home.

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It appears, however, that spirits can dispense with such material instruments. We remember how, during the Council of Nicaea, two of the bishops, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, happened inconveniently to die; so the acts of the council were solemnly laid on their tombs, and were found in the morning with the dead men's subscription—thus, "Although removed from earth, we have signed the volume with our own hands." This proceeding has been renewed in our own day. For example, the Baron de Guikemstubbé has published a book, "*Pneumatologie Positive et Expérimentale*," in which he says that the spirits of the departed do hover near their tombs, and haunt

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What is now being discussed is not the positive truth or falsity of the alleged spiritual phenomena and doctrines, but their ethnography. There may be remarkable psychological phenomena, "brain-waves," or what not, involved in what is called spiritualism, as there were unquestionably remarkable morbid phenomena involved in what was called mesmerism. But this is not the question here. It is not merely that the alleged spiritualistic facts are believed in by savages and barbarians, and disowned by civilized science. It is much more than this. It is that the spiritualistic interpretation of the alleged visions, and rappings, and writings, the belief that they are produced by disembodied spirits, belongs to the philosophy of savages. Set a Chinese and an English medium to obtain written missives from the respective spirits they believe in, and let a wild Ojibway Indian look on at the performance. So far as the presence of disembodied spirits goes, possessing the performers and guiding the pencils, or manifesting themselves by raps, or voices, or other actions, the savage would understand and admit it at once, for such things are part of his recognized system of nature: the only part of the affair out of his line would be the art of writing, which does belong to a higher grade of civilization than his. In a word, a modern medium is a red Indian or a Tartar shaman in a dress-coat.

Even supposing the alleged spiritualistic facts to be all true, and the spiritualistic interpretation of them sound, this does not alter the argument. It would prove that savages were wise, and that we civilized fools have degenerated from their superior knowledge. But it would remain true that modern spiritualism is a survival and a revival of savage thought, which the general tendency of civilization and science has been to discard. This is the case of spiritualism as seen from an ethnographic point of view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

ALL who have observed the tendencies of scientific inquiry within the last few years are aware that a sharp controversy has been going on in relation to what is termed "Spontaneous Generation," that is, whether minute living forms come suddenly into existence without parentage. This idea of "spontaneous generation" is old. It was long ago believed that, when dead bodies putrefy, and little grubs appear, these grubs are generated directly from the decaying flesh. It was, however, found, a couple of hundred years ago, that these worms are hatched from the eggs of insects, and so the doctrine of spontaneous generation, in its ancient and grosser form, had to be abandoned.

With the invention of the microscope, however, a new world of life, of amazing minuteness, which had never before been suspected, was discovered to exist. Little creatures, of which millions might exist in a drop of water, were still found to be regular animals—eating, growing, moving, fighting, loving, multiplying, and dying, just like "superior beings." As they make their appearance in infusions of organic matter, they are termed *Infusoria*. They multiply at an enormously rapid rate. One species of infusoria, visible only under a high magnifying power, is calculated to generate one hundred and seventy billions in four days; and these enormous powers of propagation are accompanied by a minuteness so extreme that of some

species one drop of water would contain as many individuals as there are human beings on the earth.

In connection with these marvellous microscopic revelations, the doctrine of spontaneous generation was revived under a new aspect. If an organic infusion, such as may be made by steeping hay, for example, be left to stand for a short time, the water becomes impregnated with an immense number of animalcules. These creatures are certainly insignificant enough to be extemporized on the slightest occasion, and their appearance so quickly and in such multitudes gave plausibility to the idea that they are actually originated. The adherents of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, or *Heterogeny*, as it is termed, believe that they are directly produced by the spontaneous combination of their constituent atoms.

Dr. Hughes Bennett, a leading English exponent of the doctrine, thus states the case: "These infusoria originate in oleo-albuminous molecules which are formed in organic fluids, and there, under the influence of certain conditions, such as temperature, light, chemical exchanges, density, pressure, composition of atmospheric air and of the fluid, etc., the molecules, by their coalescence, produce the lower forms of vegetable and animal life."

Those who hold the opposite doctrine of *Panspermy*, or origin from germs, reply, first, that the minuteness of these creatures affords no ground for inferring their spontaneous origin. In the order of Nature there is no great and no small; nothing is insignificant; the tiniest and the mightiest alike illustrate the unity of the scheme of law. Secondly. The descent of organisms from preëxisting germs is the actual method which we know that Nature employs in all grades, from the top to the bottom of the scale of life, and no other method can be admitted, except upon explicit and incontestable proof. Thirdly. As for the appearance of infusorial organisms in liquids which a few hours before did not contain them, it is to be explained in accordance with the prevailing plan, until some other method is demonstrated. We know that infusorial germs do exist and float about in the atmosphere. So long as infusions are absolutely cut off from the air, animalcules do not appear, and their appearance when the air is admitted is to be considered due to the entrance of germs or spores with it—until the contrary is proved.

The question now became one of atmospheric germs. The French Academy of Sciences has been the scene of battle for the last ten years, M. Pouchet leading the *heterogenists*, and M. Pasteur leading the *panspermists*. The experimental labor has been skilful and untiring, and the controversy sharp, acrimonious, and personal. Both parties claim the victory, and the doctrine of spontaneous generation remains still unaccepted in the world of science.

But the question has recently come up in a new aspect. A powerful school of biologists have appeared within the last few years, who hold to the doctrine of "development," and undertake to account naturally for the "origin of species." Whatever value may be assigned to this hypothesis, its adherents are known as the strenuous defenders of the principle of natural causation. Now, those who have not looked carefully into the question would naturally expect to find this party adopting the view of "spontaneous generation." But this is not so. The leading minds of the evolution school are among the most resolute and vehement opponents of "spontaneous generation." This perplexes many. The editor of a leading English scientific Journal says: "It seems to us a little strange that many among the fiercest opponents of spontaneous generation are yet most implicit believers in the law of natural selection (Darwin's law), and, indeed, in the general principle of evolution. Why this is so we cannot understand." But he will understand it the moment he comprehends the law of evolution.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has been engaged for many years in studying the science of organic life, and has published his views in a work entitled "The Principles of Biology," which

is but a part of a comprehensive philosophical system. The basis of this whole system is the doctrine of evolution, and Mr. Spencer has carried the elucidation of it so much further than any other inquirer as to have made the doctrine eminently his own. This is recognized by the first biologists, so that we may safely accept him as the authorized interpreter of the principle. But Mr. Spencer does not admit the hypothesis of "spontaneous generation;" on the contrary, he holds that the law of evolution contradicts and excludes it. A New-England theologian, who believes in "spontaneous generation," writing in the *North American Review*, has attacked Mr. Spencer's system as unphilosophical, because he rejects it. It is curious to note how strangely things sometimes get transposed. A metaphysical preacher turns up as the out-and-out advocate of "spontaneous generation," while the great rabbi of naturalism, Spencer, is shuffled down to the bottom of the pack as a half-and-half thinker, because he does not go far enough with his naturalism. We publish this week a short communication from Mr. Spencer, replying to the strictures of the *North American Review*, in which he draws a broad line between the origin of life by "evolution" and by "spontaneous generation," and points out the total antagonism between the two doctrines. Evolution, in its very nature, implies slowly-acting causes and slowly-produced effects, and allows no place for "spontaneity." There is no problem in modern thought of such import as that of the origin of life, and the views upon this interesting subject of an able thinker, who has given so much attention to it, cannot fail to command the careful attention of all who care to know any thing of the deeper workings of Nature.

TABLE-TALK.

WITHOUT wishing to limit in the slightest degree the number or the scope of the recreations of the people—rather, indeed, would we, if it were in our power, increase and enlarge them—we still are disposed to question the advantage of public holidays. If it were certain that by abolishing them no absolute curtailment of public pleasures would result (possible only, of course, by every one selecting for himself corresponding days for recreation), we should, on what we consider sound philosophical grounds, advocate their general repeal. Reasoning theoretically, it would seem as if a larger proportion of pleasure would be secured where each person selected for himself his own time and occasion for a holiday, rather than, by having a day arbitrarily appointed for him, be compelled, whether congenial or not, in some sort to observe it. There are certain days, like our New York New Years', on which unanimity is necessary—but on many others the very fact of a general observance renders special enjoyment impossible, by the overcrowding of boats, trains, public parks and gardens, theatres, and other places of resort. It is quite true that the spirit of enjoyment catches some of its fervor by the sympathy of example; but it is also true that a perfect selection of means and ways of enjoyment is not possible on public days. One can neither ride, sail, travel, feast, nor undertake any out-door sport, with the same security or success on public holidays that he can on other days, and this fact often renders them to many persons the most tedious and wearisome periods of the year. And then, even with those who accept these occasions with full intent to enjoy, the violent and forced pleasures pertaining to them are rarely beneficent in effect. A holiday is often, especially with the young, looked forward to with feverish impatience, and followed by a melancholy reaction. Its high excitements render the employments that follow distasteful, and breed a host of discontent. Several days are usually required by a high-pressure holiday pleasure-seeker to recover his equanimity, and this reactionary restlessness, it is obvious, must more than balance the brief enjoyment of the holiday. Men and women, if they hope to secure absolutely this evanescent quality called pleasure, must find it in the things that lie about them—in their ordinary avocations, and along their daily paths. Change of scene, no doubt, is often desirable; recreations are in some cases necessary; but, unless after partaking of recreations, we can return to our duties refreshed, contented, and strengthened, they have done us no good. We cannot make a people happier or more by multi-

him to the very tent, when he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with; for it is in vain, in such cases, to offer any excuse."

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THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

ALL who have observed the tendencies of scientific inquiry within the last few years are aware that a sharp controversy has been going on in relation to what is termed "Spontaneous Generation," that is, whether minute living forms come suddenly into existence without parentage. This idea of "spontaneous generation" is old. It was long ago believed that, when dead bodies putrefy, and little grubs appear, these grubs are generated directly from the decaying flesh. It was, however, found, a couple of hundred years ago, that these worms are hatched from the eggs of insects, and so the doctrine of spontaneous generation, in its ancient and grosser form, had to be abandoned.

With the invention of the microscope, however, a new world of life, of amazing minuteness, which had never before been suspected, was discovered to exist. Little creatures, of which millions might exist in a drop of water, were still found to be regular animals—eating, growing, moving, fighting, loving, multiplying, and dying, just like "superior beings." As they make their appearance in infusions of organic matter, they are termed *Infusoria*. They multiply at an enormously rapid rate. One species of infusoria, visible only under a high magnifying power, is calculated to generate one hundred and seventy billions in four days; and these enormous powers of propagation are accompanied by a minuteness so extreme that of some

species one drop of water would contain as many individuals as there are human beings on the earth.

In connection with these marvellous microscopic revelations, the doctrine of spontaneous generation was revived under a new aspect. If an organic infusion, such as may be made by steeping hay, for example, be left to stand for a short time, the water becomes impregnated with an immense number of animalcules. These creatures are certainly insignificant enough to be extemporized on the slightest occasion, and their appearance so quickly and in such multitudes gave plausibility to the idea that they are actually originated. The adherents of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, or *Heterogeny*, as it is termed, believe that they are directly produced by the spontaneous combination of their constituent atoms.

Dr. Hughes Bennett, a leading English exponent of the doctrine, thus states the case: "These infusoria originate in oleo-albuminous molecules which are formed in organic fluids, and there, under the influence of certain conditions, such as temperature, light, chemical exchanges, density, pressure, composition of atmospheric air and of the fluid, etc., the molecules, by their coalescence, produce the lower forms of vegetable and animal life."

Those who hold the opposite doctrine of *Panspermy*, or origin from germs, reply, first, that the minuteness of these creatures affords no ground for inferring their spontaneous origin. In the order of Nature there is no great and no small; nothing is insignificant; the tiniest and the mightiest alike illustrate the unity of the scheme of law. Secondly. The descent of organisms from preëxisting germs is the actual method which we know that Nature employs in all grades, from the top to the bottom of the scale of life, and no other method can be admitted, except upon explicit and incontestable proof. Thirdly. As for the appearance of infusorial organisms in liquids which a few hours before did not contain them, it is to be explained in accordance with the prevailing plan, until some other method is demonstrated. We know that infusorial germs do exist and float about in the atmosphere. So long as infusions are absolutely cut off from the air, animalcules do not appear, and their appearance when the air is admitted is to be considered due to the entrance of germs or spores with it—until the contrary is proved.

The question now became one of atmospheric germs. The French Academy of Sciences has been the scene of battle for the last ten years, M. Pouchet leading the *heterogenists*, and M. Pasteur leading the *panspermists*. The experimental labor has been skilful and untiring, and the controversy sharp, acrimonious, and personal. Both parties claim the victory, and the doctrine of spontaneous generation remains still unaccepted in the world of science.

But the question has recently come up in a new aspect. A powerful school of biologists have appeared within the last few years, who hold to the doctrine of "development," and undertake to account naturally for the "origin of species." Whatever value may be assigned to this hypothesis, its adherents are known as the strenuous defenders of the principle of natural causation. Now, those who have not looked carefully into the question would naturally expect to find this party adopting the view of "spontaneous generation." But this is not so. The leading minds of the evolution school are among the most resolute and vehement opponents of "spontaneous generation." This perplexes many. The editor of a leading English scientific journal says: "It seems to us a little strange that many among the fiercest opponents of spontaneous generation are yet most implicit believers in the law of natural selection (Darwin's law), and, indeed, in the general principle of evolution. Why this is so we cannot understand." But he will understand it the moment he comprehends the law of evolution.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has been engaged for many years in studying the science of organic life, and has published his views in a work entitled "The Principles of Biology," which

is but a part of a comprehensive philosophical system. The basis of this whole system is the doctrine of evolution, and Mr. Spencer has carried the elucidation of it so much further than any other inquirer as to have made the doctrine eminently his own. This is recognized by the first biologists, so that we may safely accept him as the authorized interpreter of the principle. But Mr. Spencer does not admit the hypothesis of "spontaneous generation;" on the contrary, he holds that the law of evolution contradicts and excludes it. A New-England theologian, who believes in "spontaneous generation," writing in the *North American Review*, has attacked Mr. Spencer's system as unphilosophical, because he rejects it. It is curious to note how strangely things sometimes get transposed. A metaphysical preacher turns up as the out-and-out advocate of "spontaneous generation," while the great rabbi of naturalism, Spencer, is shuffled down to the bottom of the pack as a half-and-half thinker, because he does not go far enough with his naturalism. We publish this week a short communication from Mr. Spencer, replying to the strictures of the *North American Review*, in which he draws a broad line between the origin of life by "evolution" and by "spontaneous generation," and points out the total antagonism between the two doctrines. Evolution, in its very nature, implies slowly-acting causes and slowly-produced effects, and allows no place for "spontaneity." There is no problem in modern thought of such import as that of the origin of life, and the views upon this interesting subject of an able thinker, who has given so much attention to it, cannot fail to command the careful attention of all who care to know any thing of the deeper workings of Nature.

TABLE-TALK.

WITHOUT wishing to limit in the slightest degree the number or the scope of the recreations of the people—rather, indeed, would we, if it were in our power, increase and enlarge them—we still are disposed to question the advantage of public holidays. If it were certain that by abolishing them no absolute curtailment of public pleasures would result (possible only, of course, by every one selecting for himself corresponding days for recreation), we should, on what we consider sound philosophical grounds, advocate their general repeal. Reasoning theoretically, it would seem as if a larger proportion of pleasure would be secured where each person selected for himself his own time and occasion for a holiday, rather than, by having a day arbitrarily appointed for him, be compelled, whether congenial or not, in some sort to observe it. There are certain days, like our New York New Years', on which unanimity is necessary—but on many others the very fact of a general observance renders special enjoyment impossible, by the overcrowding of boats, trains, public parks and gardens, theatres, and other places of resort. It is quite true that the spirit of enjoyment catches some of its fervor by the sympathy of example; but it is also true that a perfect selection of means and ways of enjoyment is not possible on public days. One can neither ride, sail, travel, feast, nor undertake any out-door sport, with the same security or success on public holidays that he can on other days, and this fact often renders them to many persons the most tedious and wearisome periods of the year. And then, even with those who accept these occasions with full intent to enjoy, the violent and forced pleasures pertaining to them are rarely beneficent in effect. A holiday is often, especially with the young, looked forward to with feverish impatience, and followed by a melancholy reaction. Its high excitements render the employments that follow distasteful, and breed a host of discontents. Several days are usually required by a high-pressure holiday pleasure-seeker to recover his equanimity, and this reactionary restlessness, it is obvious, must more than balance the brief enjoyment of the holiday. Men and women, if they hope to secure absolutely this evanescent quality called pleasure, must find it in the things that lie about them—in their ordinary avocations, and along their daily paths. Change of scene, no doubt, is often desirable; recreations are in some cases necessary; but, unless after partaking of recreations, we can return to our duties refreshed, contented, and strengthened, they have done us no good. We cannot make a people happier or merrier by multi-

plying their holidays, as is sometimes argued, but solely by inculcating the spirit of happiness—that readiness for enjoyment which finds in a thousand unpremeditated things its means and its resources. Happiness is too coy, uncertain, and elusive to be seized upon by public proclamation. Governments can scarcely elect for us the occasions for our blisses and our contents. The true holidays of our hearts must come in utter independence of set occasions; and even those physical recreations which our health may require will be enjoyed to far greater advantage in the way and at the time our opportunities suggest, than when prescribed for us by custom or law.

— In the very midst of our complainings as to the excess of burlesque in our theatrical entertainments, we suddenly find the town turning from the yellow-haired beauties of Niblo's, and the riotous nonsense at the Olympic, to shed tears over the sufferings of *Enoch Arden* at Booth's, and of *Dora* at Wallack's. It is a matter of surprise, that the poet who is the least dramatic of all contemporary writers should at the same moment supply material for two of the most popular dramas of the season. Whether the popularity of these plays argues either a familiarity or appreciation of the poet, however, may well be questioned. "*Enoch Arden*" is very close in story to the poem; one loses nothing in seeing it but the beauty of the original, which may be a slight loss to those who are content to accept the strong effects of the stage, and let go by the thousand and one finer touches of the poem. The blank verse is retained in the play, and this puts the actors on their stilts, thereby hopelessly excluding every semblance of genuine nature. Mr. Edwin Adams enacts the hero in a very picturesque, but strained, unnatural manner. The success of the play can only be attributed to the fact that nearly every one has read "*Enoch Arden*," and is eager to see how it appears when personated. "*Dora*" is a much better acting play than "*Enoch Arden*," but departs from the original in incident somewhat, and in character very decidedly. Farmer Allen, as manipulated for the footlights by Mr. Charles Reade, is a boisterous, choleric, self-willed simpleton, and something widely different from the obstinate but high-principled and powerful old man of the poem. But, altogether, the idea of dramatizing for the stage these pure and simple domestic idyls should be highly commended; if the taste of a few is offended by palpable deviations from the original, which must nearly always necessarily occur, that of the many is elevated by examples of character, purpose, and story, that are immeasurably superior to those ordinarily found in recent dramatic literature. The Tennysonian drama is certainly a new incident in our theatrical history, and its success is sufficient to show that, while public taste may be capricious, it rarely is entirely corrupt.

— A writer on the "*Academy*" of 1869, in the July *Fortnightly*, thus breaks out on the subject of originality in art: "Beware of theories, or, if you must use them, use as crutches, to throw them away. Beware of schools, for schools in art are but the lifeless relics of bygone giants. Great men leave schools behind them, as Homer, and Æschylus, and Plato, left matter for Alexandrine grammars—mere bricks and mortar for future artists. The great artist is himself and only, or nothing. In art there is but one theory, and that is truth; and, though the roads to truth be infinite, the end is one—Nature. Study Nature, consult Nature, trust Nature, turn a deaf ear to all but Nature. He who gets the nearest to Nature in the end is the greatest artist, be the road what it may. He who is within a school is no artist, but only a scholar, waiting to become an artist. While the scaffolding remains, the temple is not free. What is school? Is it school for mechanism? But, for artistic purposes, mechanical purposes have no value, except as they enable you to get nearer to truth, and in this matter every honest student, who studies for himself, can improve on what is known every day of his life. Is it school for conception? But conception which has not its root in your own life and your own time is dead! The moment you ask the painters of another age how they conceived, you surrender your right to paint at all. You may, indeed, compare your conceptions with theirs, to prove yourself a dwarf, then giants; your age a bastard age, theirs, divine. But, if you wish to rival them, forget them, leave all behind you, and do as they did, take up your staff and follow Nature. As well might you hope to be a Titian by copying Titian, as to be another Newton by lying on his grave."

— A peculiarity of the criminal class is that it exhibits very little versatility, a criminal having once become thoroughly conversant with one branch of crime, or with one mode of committing a particular

crime, rarely attempting any other. Throughout the civilized world the same general classes and the same traits of character are observed to exist, varied only by national peculiarities. French criminals, for instance, even of the lowest grade, have a sort of grim picturesqueness, and many of the well-authenticated exploits of the more noted of them are worthy of figuring in the pages of fiction. M. Du Camp, the writer of a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has given a great amount of attention to the subject, and throws much light upon the peculiar habits of the criminals of Paris, whom he visited in their chosen haunts, and whose confidence he succeeded in gaining. They are classified in grades according to their proficiency, or to the nature of the peculiar form of villainy they adopt as their profession. First of all comes the *ecarpe*, who murders systematically as a mode of commencing proceedings; then there are the *faisseurs* or swindlers, who are the most intellectual class of the profession, and after these come a carefully-graded scale of malefactors, ending with the burglars, who are also of various ranks, the highest being the *caroubleurs*, or those who use false keys. After them come the thieving rabble, the *tireurs* or pickpockets, the *rouloteurs*, who steal baggage from carts, the *francs bourgeois* or "sneak thieves," and a hundred other varieties, while above them rank the *sorgueurs* or old style of highwaymen, and the *scionneurs*, or garroters and "footpads."

— The Church of England has a congregation in Florence, the expenses of which are paid by an admission fee of two pails, demanded of all who enter the church. The receipts from this source being insufficient to provide for the support of the minister and sexton, the vestrymen (all English) had to make it up out of their own purses. One of the vestry resigned, and an American gentleman was requested to take his place. Knowing very well the object of the proposition, the New Yorker determined at least to make the best bargain that he could, and consented to serve on condition that a prayer was said for the President along with that for the Queen. The terms were accepted, the new vestryman was duly installed, the worthy clergyman and vigilant beadle are provided for, and public prayer is constantly made for the President of the United States on the banks of the classic old Arno—all the result of a good Yankee bargain.

— Apropos of the newly-published life of Walter Savage Landor, there is a good story that Lord Byron was once told that it was the intention of Landor to introduce him satirically into a new "*Imaginary Conversation*." "If he does," said Byron, "I'll certainly call him out." When Landor heard this, he replied, "Well, I did not really mean to show up his lordship in a "*conversation*," but now I will. You may tell him that, though he prides himself upon being a good shot, I am a better. Byron's hand trembles; mine is steady. I would undertake to strike off his nose with a pistol-shot without grazing another feature of his face." This is said to have silenced the handsome nobleman and poet, who, though he did not fear death, had a horror of mutilation and deformity.

Brief Notes.

IN the city of Paris, by the quay-wall of the Seine, and at a comparatively quiet spot near the Place de la Concorde, will be found, at any hour of the day, three or four men standing in the open air, by a heap of strong carriage-wheels; it will also be noticed that a double-track railroad commences at this point; presently, either in one direction or the other, an omnibus, drawn by three horses, and nearly as large as an American street-car, will be seen approaching; if this vehicle, which is provided with additional seats for passengers on the roof, is on the line of rails, it is coming from the country, and is brought to a stand-still when it arrives opposite the heap of wheels near the end of the track; if, on the other hand, it is traversing the ordinary road, it is coming from some part of the city, and is run on to the track before being halted. In either case, as soon as a full stop occurs, screw-lifts are placed under the front and hind-wheel framework on one side of the omnibus, and the axles of the two wheels, thus prepared to be lifted, are at the same time unfastened; the vehicle is then tilted over a few inches by means of the screws, the two loosened wheels are slipped off, and two others are at once put on with rims to fit the rails if the conveyance is outward bound, and with ordinary tires if the omnibus is leaving the railroad to pass through the city. The screw-lifts are then removed, and the omnibus is in running order again. The wheels which remain unshifted are not specially adapted to the track, the rails, however, are slightly hollowed. The change is generally made in less than two minutes, and, as soon as it is complete, the order for a new start is given by

the conductor to the driver. The object of the whole arrangement, which seems to work very well, is to avoid encumbering the more crowded business streets with a surface-railroad track.

While, in the United States, the failure of a life assurance company is an almost unheard-of thing, and while our oldest companies are apparently the most stable, the statistics of English companies show a somewhat different state of things. A recent report to the House of Commons states that, in the last twenty-five years, two hundred and seventy-two insurance companies have been formed, of which one hundred and fifty-two have been wound up, or have discontinued business, and forty-four have been absorbed by other companies, leaving only seventy-six still in existence. Eighty-five per cent. of the companies formed before 1863 have broken down, and fifty-three per cent. of those organized since that date have shared a similar fate. In view of these facts, a bill has been brought forward in Parliament which is intended to compel such statements and reports from the officers of insurance companies as will effectually expose and crush all insolvent organizations.

The term "blue-stocking" is now, as every one knows, applied to literary ladies; but originally it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1760. The society derived its name from the blue-worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and fascinating Mrs. Jerminingham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

Many of the streets of Paris are macadamized, and, in rainy weather, the dust and water make a thick fluid, which is known as "macadam milk." An ingenious Frenchman has invented a method of utilizing this, by straining out the solid portion, which he forms into bricks for knife-cleaning, etc., by which he not only relieves the sewers from a nuisance, but also secures for himself a large income.

The English parliamentary committee upon the proposed channel-tunnel between England and France have had an interview with the Emperor of the French, and have obtained a copy of the report of the French special commission appointed to examine into the practicability of the proposed work. The report is favorable, and endorses the plans of the English engineers as feasible.

The explorations which are now being carried on in and about Jerusalem under the direction of Lieutenant Warren, of the English army, are developing the fact that the ruins of the ancient city lie from thirty to ninety feet below the site of the present city, and that it is possible, by a system of mining, to recover, with tolerable completeness, the topography of the city at the time of Our Saviour.

Matters of Science and Art.

OUR Paris correspondent resumes his account of the May Exhibition: "The 'Plague of Rome,' by M. Delaunay, is remarkable for originality of conception, severity of style, and subdued vigor of color, appropriate to the subject, which is drawn from the golden legend of Jacques de Voragine ('Then there appeared a good angel, who ordered an evil angel, armed with a spear, to strike at the houses, and, as often as a house was struck, so often was there a death'). In the street, some fall upon their knees, imploring the clemency of Heaven; Christians at the foot of the cross, and pagans before the statue of Esculapius, powerless to save them. The pale-winged angel has suspended his flight in front of a house, and pointed it out to the exterminating spirit, who, with incredible fury, strikes the door with his spear, every blow opening a tomb. But, to temper the horror depicted, the sign of divine wrath appeased, like a ray of hope, shines upon the capitol, and the plague is about to cease.

"The 'Gallic Sentinel,' by M. Luminais, perched aloft on the druidic oak, looking out for the vanguard of some Roman legion, is a work of great merit, which attracts much attention. This companion-in-arms of Vercingetorix has the firm and manly attitude of those heroic tribes who for ten years struggled against the conquerors of the world. The 'Ariadne abandoned,' of M. Ullmann, is an important composition, which shows the most careful study. The beloved of Theseus, half-reclining on the shore of Naxos, with her arms outstretched behind, is the very picture of despair. Her slave, seated by her side, silently contemplates the sail disappearing in the horizon.

"M. Cases has exhibited a beautiful figure, which he has called 'Spring.' It is a young girl, standing upright, her head crowned with daisies, nude to the waist, holding flowers in her green drapery, while, from her right hand, she lets fall other flowers, every feature expressing grace and innocence. M. Lecomte-Danoüy has contributed a work

which is very pleasing, both as regards interest of subject and artistic skill of execution. Its title is, 'The Love which passes away, and the Love which remains steadfast.' The scene represents the threshold of an antique house; on the left, a young girl, in the costume of Venus, is being carried off by the Loves, and looks back with indifference on the love-sick youth she has left behind. He, however, has found two friends, who, in the long run, will console him for the fickleness of the inconstant maid, viz., his mother and his dog. He weeps silently on her bosom, and the faithful animal sympathizes with his sadness. The figures are striking, having much truth of expression, with nothing trivial or affected about them. The seat before the house, the pillar surmounted by the tutelary god, the laurel roses in bloom, are full of taste and good judgment, breathing throughout the charms and graces of antiquity.

"The small picture, of M. Viger, entitled 'Leisure Hours at Malmaison,' is remarkable for completeness of finish, correctness of color, and accuracy of details. The Empress Josephine, in her happiest days, is busy embroidering on a frame; ladies of honor are engaged in different kinds of work; a chamberlain is reading aloud the novels, works, or memoirs, which have just been published; Mlle. Deslieux are singing some of the songs which Josephine loved to hear; Queen Hortense, dressed for a ball, like others is sitting near Josephine, and her boy, Louis Napoleon, is playing with toys upon the floor; and the artist Redouté, employed in designing the *Mora* of Malmaison, is submitting to Josephine each of his works. M. Patrois has sent in a work of the same elaborate description, admirably finished in the minutest details, representing General Bonaparte making his first visit to Madame de Beauharnais (afterward the Empress Josephine), and permitting her young son to preserve his father's sword.

"M. Müller has this year given a picture in all respects worthy of his reputation, representing Lanjuinais delivering his celebrated speech of the 2d of June, 1793, at the point when he says, 'As long as I can make my voice heard, I shall never, in my person, allow the character of the people's representative to be lowered or degraded. I am accused of calumniating Paris. No! Paris is pure, but oppressed by tyrants who thirst for blood and power.' On these words the fury of the Mountaineers broke loose. Chabot, Drouet, Robespierre, Jr., Taureau, and others, sprang upon Lanjuinais, and wanted to hurl him from the tribune. Legendre points his pistol at his throat. Defermou, Barbaroux, Penière, Lidou, and Pilatre fly to his rescue. He clings with all his might to the tribune, and his voice still thunders above the yells of the *sans-culottes* and the most terrific tumult ever witnessed in the convention. The whole of this drama is delineated with surpassing skill and accuracy. The revolting passions expressed by the features of the *canaille*, and the women who frequented these assemblies, being perfectly in keeping with their coarseness and brutality."

The old-fashioned shrapnel shell, which in its day was considered a most effective projectile, does not come up to the murderous requirements of modern warfare; and, since the introduction of rifled ordnance, many substitutes have been proposed for it, the English Government having especially stimulated the efforts of inventors. The desired end seems now to have been attained in a shrapnel shell invented by Colonel Baxter, and which has recently been tested at Dartmoor. In this shell, which is cylindrical, the charge is placed in the back end, and the head being secured by weak rivets only, is so arranged as to be easily blown off. By this arrangement, the small balls with which it is filled are thrown directly forward with increased velocity, while undue dispersion is avoided, and the great objection to a central bursting charge is overcome.

An artesian well at Ain-Sala, in Algeria, not only throws up an immense volume of fresh water, but also numbers of small fishes, averaging half an inch in length, and furnishing a delicate morsel for the epicure. As the sand extracted from this well is identical with that found in the bed of the Nile, it is conjectured that a subterranean connection must exist with the river.

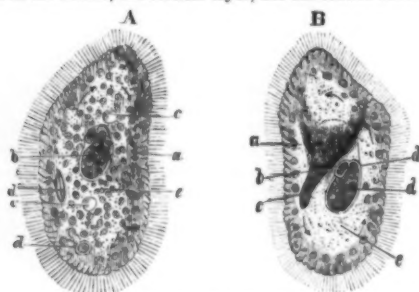
Recent scientific investigations, in France, have resulted in the discovery that the velocity of the electric fluid is many thousand times greater than nervous telegraphy, or the rate at which the nerves convey impressions to the brain—physical sensations being conveyed at the rate of only about one hundred feet per second.

The Museum.

THE changes in the red prominences of the sun's atmosphere have been lately shown to take place with amazing rapidity. So enormously rapid are they, that Mr. Lockyer has observed one of these red solar flames, twenty-seven thousand miles in length, disappear altogether in ten minutes.

The *Infusoria* are little microscopic animalcules which make their appearance in great numbers in infusions of decomposing organic matter. Among these *infusoria* are the different species of the genus *Paramecium*, which are very common among the microscopic inhabitants of our fresh waters, and which swim about by means of the vibratile cilia with which the whole surface of their bodies is covered. The structure of these creatures is represented by the accompanying figures (A B), and is thus described by Professor Huxley:

"Imagine a delicate, slipper-shaped body, enclosed within a structureless membrane, or *cuticula*, which is formed as an excretion upon its outer surface. At one point (B a) the body exhibits a slight depression, leading into a sort of little funnel (b c) coated by a continuation of the same cuticular investment, which stops short at the bottom of the funnel. The whole of the bag formed by the cuticula is lined by a soft layer of gelatinous matter, or 'sarcode,' which is called the 'cortical' layer (A a); while inside that, and passing into it quite gradually, there being no sharp line of demarcation between the two, is a semi-fluid substance, which occupies the whole of the central region of the body. Neither in the cuticle, the cortical layer, nor the central substance, has



Structure of the *Paramecium*.

any anatomist yet discovered a differentiation into cellular layers, nor any trace of that histological composition which we meet with in the tissues of the higher animals; so that here is another case of complex vital phenomena proceeding from a substance which, in a histological sense, is structureless. At two points of the body (A c c) the substance of the cortical layer exhibits a remarkable power of contraction and dilatation. If you watch one of those points, the sarcode suddenly seems to open like a window, and, for a while, a clear space is visible, which then, quite suddenly, shuts again. After a little time the same diastole and systole are repeated. As the systole takes place, it is possible, occasionally, to discern certain radiating canals, which extend from the cavities into the surrounding sarcode, and disappear again before diastole occurs. There is no doubt that the clear space is a chamber filled with fluid in the cortical layer, and, since good observers maintain that there is an aperture of communication, through the cuticula, between the 'contractile chamber' and the exterior, this fluid can be little more than water. Perhaps the whole should be regarded as a respiratory or secretory mechanism; in one shape or another, it is eminently characteristic of the *infusoria*. Besides this singular apparatus, there lies embedded in another part of the cortical layer a solid mass, of an elongated oval shape (A B d), which has been called the 'nucleus,' though it

must be carefully distinguished from the 'nucleus' of a cell. Upon one side of this, and, as it were, stuck on to it, is a little rounded body (B d'), which has received the name of the 'nucleolus.' The animal swims about, driven by the vibration of its cilia, and whatever nutriment may be floating in the water is appropriated by means of the current which is caused to set continually into the short gullet by the cilia which line that tube. But it is a singular circumstance that these animals have an alimentary canal consisting of a mere gullet, open at the bottom, and leading into no stomach or intestine, but opening directly into the soft central mass of sarcode. The nutritious matters passing down the gullet, and then into the central more fluid substance, become surrounded by spheroids of clear liquid (A d), consisting apparently of the water swallowed with them, so that a well-fed *paramecium* exhibits a number of cavities, each containing a little mass of nutritious particles. Hence formerly arose the notion that these animals possess a number of stomachs (*Polygastrica*)."

The remarkable powers of multiplication by subdivision (fission and gemmation), which many of this group exhibit, are well known. "If all its offspring survive, and continue dividing themselves, a single *paramecium* is said to be capable of thus originating two hundred and sixty-eight millions in the course of a month." But it has been shown that these minute creatures are endowed with the true process of sexual multiplication and the corresponding complexities of organization. It is these complexly-endowed beings which are believed by some to be spontaneously generated in a few hours, as Hughes Bennett says, by the coalescence of oleo-albuminous molecules.

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